WIN CAROLE LOMBARD'S MOVIE CAMERA

Hollywood

5¢ a copy

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Natural Color
Photo of
IRENE DUNNE
In "SHOW BOAT"

WHY BOB TAYLOR CAN'T MARRY



I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA !"

"'*See America first!*' I've heard that phrase all my life—but it was just another slogan until I made this memorable Greyhound bus trip. Starting on the east coast, we swung clear around the continent, westward by one great highway, returning east another—and this was only one of several coast-to-coast circle tours that Greyhound offered me!

"Now I've revised the old slogan . . . for you '*See America BEST*' when you travel by Greyhound! I've met and made friends with the *real* America—its kindly, interesting people, its surpassing natural beauty, its mountain grandeur and desert magic, huge cities and charming country towns.

"And what a comfortable way to explore—in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip was less than gasoline and oil for a small private auto. Let me mention just a few of my delightful memories:



"Our big bus paused in the Delaware Water Gap while passengers marveled at the towering mountain walls—the sparkling ribbon of river below us.



"When we stopped in a grove of giant California redwoods it took fifteen of us stretching our arms wide, to circle one of those tremendous trees.



"We actually visited a foreign land! Stopping at El Paso, we couldn't resist crossing the Rio Grande bridge into glamorous old Juarez.



"Everyone smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off the bus at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were bound!



"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see workmen spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.



"The romance of the real West came to life again at Dallas—where we spent many fascinating hours at the Texas Centennial Exposition.



"From the Greyhound Terminal in Cleveland, we could clearly see the Great Lakes Exposition—so we stopped over for an exciting day.



"Imagine—masts of a ship sticking out of a grassy hillside, with sailors at work in the rigging! Crazy? No, just a movie location near Hollywood.



"Grand old southern melodies! They came floating through the star-filled night as we stopped for dinner near an Alabama plantation.



"What a thrill—when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our highway, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream!



"Of course, we stopped off for a day at the San Diego Exposition—even lovelier this second year—and Agua Caliente only a few minutes away.



"Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia's amazing Natural Bridge—in beautiful Shenandoah Valley.



"Yes, sir, the bears ate right out of my hand, in Yellowstone National Park! I wouldn't have missed that short side trip for anything in the world.



"I can never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside the Apache Trail of Arizona.



"As we rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, a brilliant military parade swung along, only a few feet from our bus windows."

"So there are some of the highlights of my Greyhound trip. Why don't you plan just such a journey of exploration for yourself? Whether you travel a few miles or a few thousand, Greyhound offers the most interesting way, and by far the most economical." *The coupon below will bring complete information on any trip you may plan—or you can step into the nearest Greyhound office, (or telephone) to secure rates and schedules. Start now, by mailing this coupon.*

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Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed at left, for interesting pictorial folders about Texas Centennial Exposition ☐, Great Lakes Exposition ☐, San Diego Exposition ☐. (Check which one.) If you have some other trip in mind, jot it down on this line, and we will send full information.

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Address _____ FW-7

"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"



SAYS HOSTESS



SAYS DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." *(But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)*

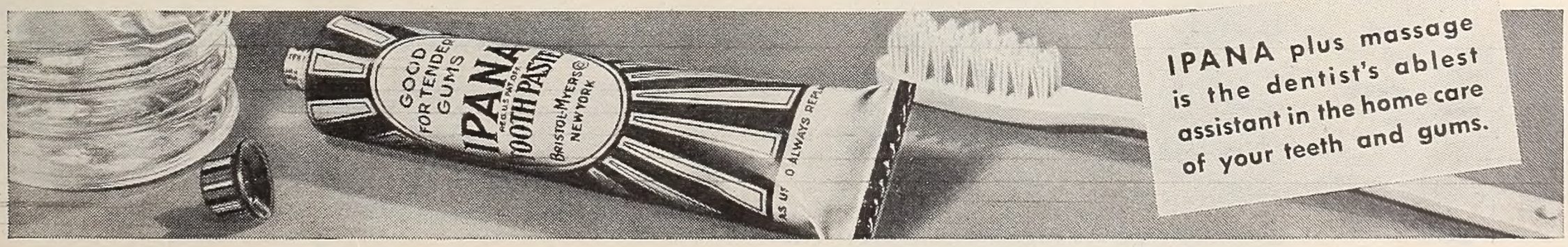
DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you —he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.





The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" . . . On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

WATCH FOR THEM!
Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"

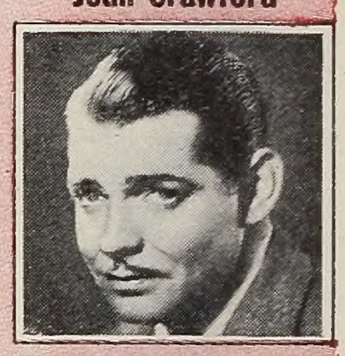
Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"


Norma Shearer


Joan Crawford


Greta Garbo


Clark Gable


William Powell


Myrna Loy


Jeanette MacDonald


Nelson Eddy


Luise Rainer


Jean Harlow


Wallace Beery


Robt. Montgomery


Eleanor Powell


Freddie Bartholomew


Robert Taylor


The Marx Brothers


Charles Laughton


Laurel & Hardy


Jackie Cooper


Lionel Barrymore


John Barrymore


Spencer Tracy

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

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JULY, 1936
Vol. 25 No. 7

Hollywood

The News Reel of the Stars

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher TED MAGEE, Editor JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor

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CHARLES RHODES, Photographer

Cover photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

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Today in Hollywood



Lili Damita and her husband, Errol Flynn, were among the guests we saw at a recent filmland party. You'll find them everywhere there is excitement . . .



Stokowski's concerts brought stars out in droves. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Myrna Loy, Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland arrived together. For variety



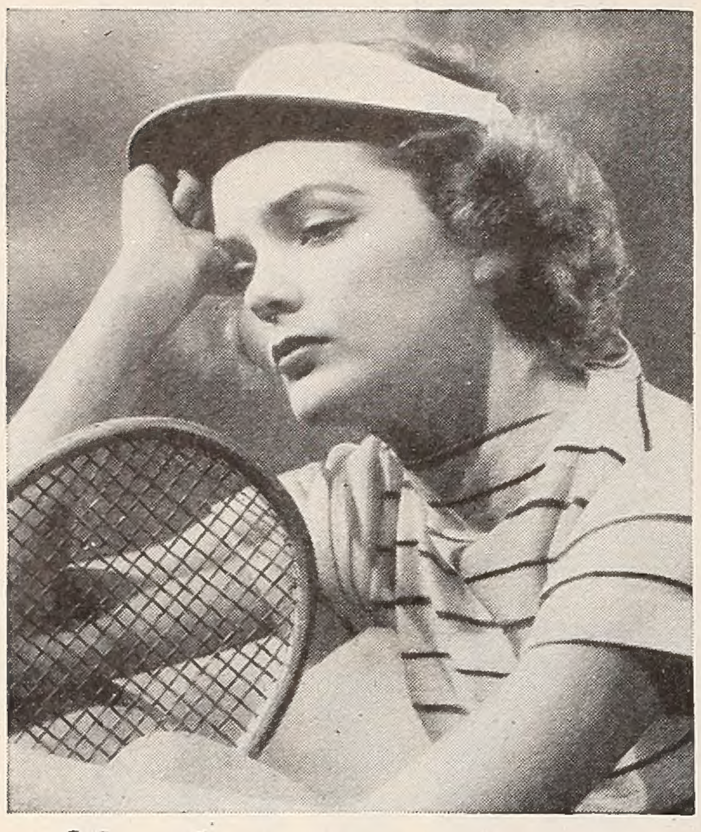
I followed the crowd to the Chinese theatre one noon and saw Bing Crosby laying his hand print in the cement. He has a hand rolled cigarette in his mouth! That night



I found Leo Carrillo and Winifred Shaw at a radio studio about to go on a broadcast. Sure, they posed for us!

Ted Magee, Editor

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*



—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system —it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Hollywood Newsreel



Awaiting their turn at the microphone . . . Claudette Colbert and Jesse L. Lasky had ringside seats for the South American radio broadcast in which they participated



An unusual group candid camera shot! Jackie Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Oakie, Jean Hersholt and Fred MacMurray . . . Jeanette rolls her hose . . . Oakie sneers

Life Loses Its Quest

CHECK OF RECENT studio orders governing outside activities of the more important players while they are "on call" for picture duties reveals the talkie capital as the home of don't-do-it.

Here are a few of the more recently applied check-reins:

Warner Baxter must forego hunting trips on which guns and ammunition are carried, Errol Flynn is ordered to stay off jumping horses, June Lang is not permitted to travel via air, Shirley Temple and Alice Faye must stay out of the sun to safeguard their blonde beauty, John Boles has been told to give up speed-boating, Victor McLaglen may ride only on bridle paths and must hold his mount to a walk.

• •

For Men Only!

CLARK GABLE'S extensive preparations for continuance of his current bachelorhood have failed to dampen ardor of the Hollywood chatterers, who persist in weaving a romance around his friendship for Carole Lombard, whom he squires to spots where the lights are brightest.

Wearying of life in the cramped hotel quarters that have been his since his separation from Ria Gable, the big fellow has taken a long lease on a six-room place in the Brentwood sector, which he is converting into a male paradise, with guns and fishing tackle supplying the decorative motive, and sans any feminine touch whatsoever.

• •

Baby Marie Comes Back

GINGER ROGERS, hearing that a small part was about to be cast, went to the powers-that-be and asked that the rôle be assigned her stand-in, Marie Osbourne.

For two hours she argued, and finally won her point. Against her flowery oratory even the hard-boiled officials were forced to give in. And so, Baby Marie Osbourne is embarked for the second time on a screen career. For Ginger's stand-in is the former baby star, the Shirley Temple of her day.

• •

Finders No Keepers

IN HOLLYWOOD, WHERE big money usually brings thoughts of millions, it is understandable that few people heard of a $29,000 cash loss.

Nevertheless, Ernst Lubitsch, up-again-down-again producer, discovered in sudden alarm he had lost a wallet containing that sum of currency. A short time later a U. S. employee in the Revenue department found the wallet, nearly swooned over its contents. Back to Mr. Lubitsch went the missing money, but no reward was paid.

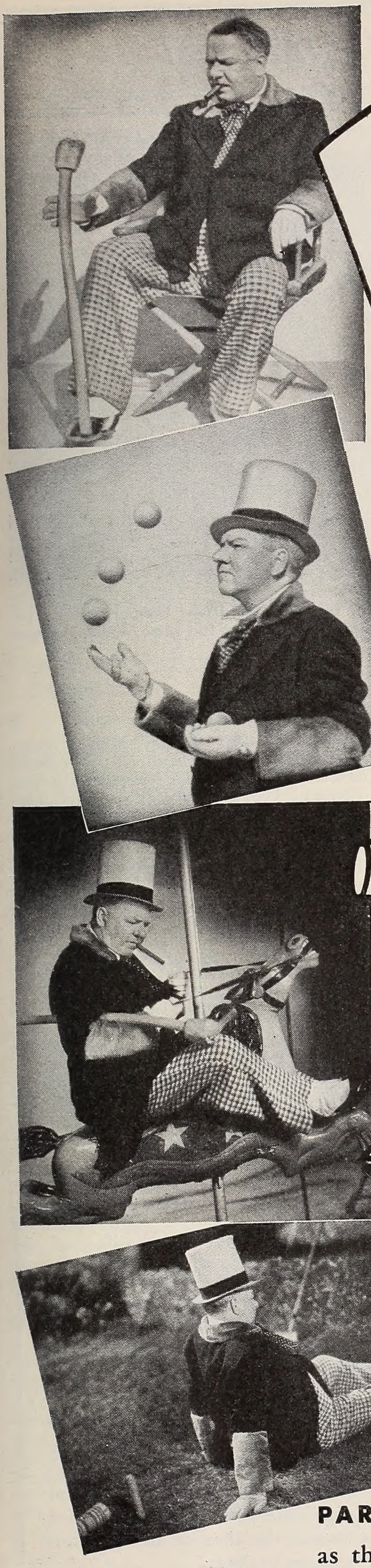
Had this occurred in Iowa, Producer Lubitsch would have been forced to part with $2,900, in accordance with Iowa's 10 per cent reward statute. Validity of the state law was upheld only recently by the U. S. Supreme Court.

• •

Has-Beens and May-bes

WM. S. HART'S court victory over United Artists may ultimately bring him $85,000 . . . he spent $300,000—his entire personal fortune—making his last picture in 1925 . . . Bill Robinson, re-signed by 20th Century, must also coach Shirley Temple in four dance routines for her

[*Continued on page* 8]





W. C. FIELDS

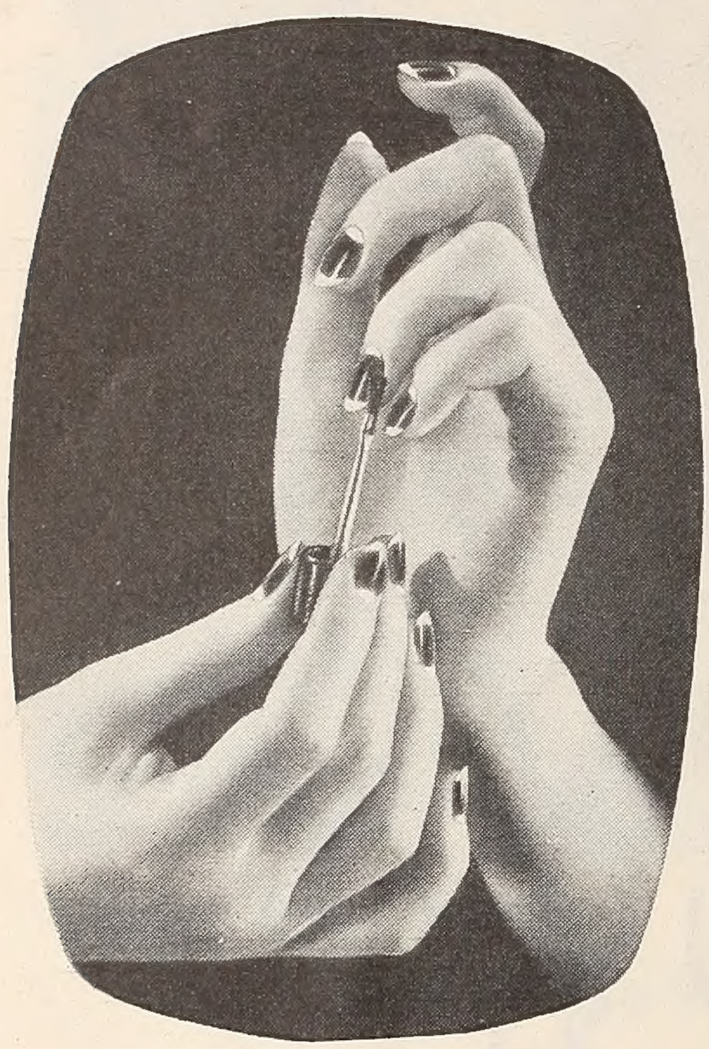
in

"POPPY"



PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS,** as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO



Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(25 cents in Canada)



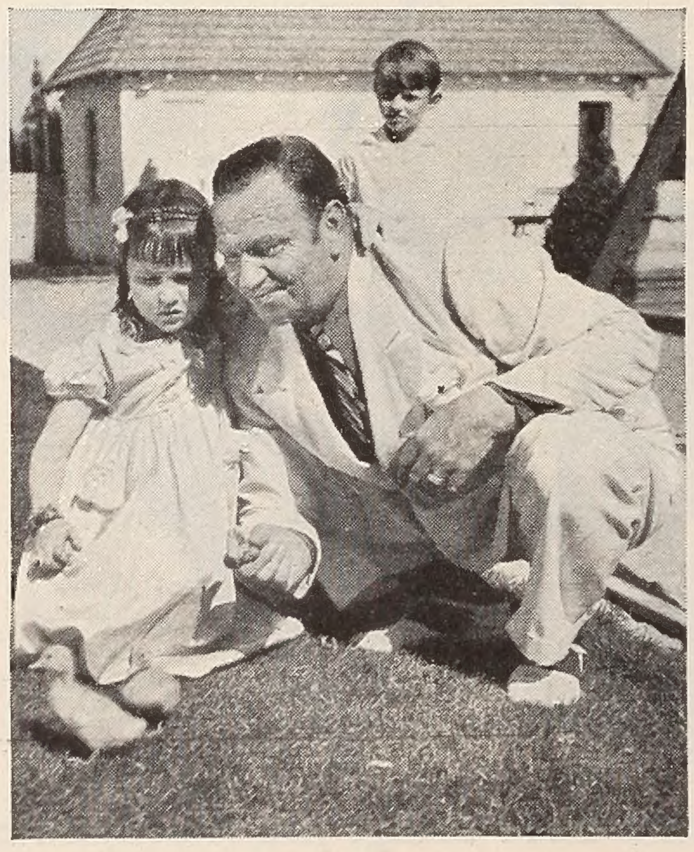
Hollywood Newsreel

(Continued from page six)



Famous personalities were snapped in front of this theatre. Irving Thalberg thumbs the way for Leslie Howard, Mrs. Howard, Norma Shearer and Mr. and Mrs. William Gargan

next picture *Dimples* . . . film stars will dance this summer in Hollywood to the music of Isham Jones, Bennie Goodman, George Olson, Jan Garber and perhaps Wayne King at the principal night spots . . . plans are now under way to remake *Birth of a Nation* as a talkie . . . the Kentucky Derby scenes in Wanger's *Spendthrift* will be the real McCoy, cameramen from the studio having traveled to Churchill Downs for authentic shots . . . Fred Stone has sold his Long Island home in a permanent move to the west coast . . . Sonja Henie, European ice skating champion, has been lined up for movie camera tests . . . she looks good for a contract.



Nothing is so mysterious to little Carol Ann Beery as these two ducklings which papa Wallace brought home to her one day

Disney's Secret

WALT DISNEY'S Mickey Mouse hangout recently has acquired in certain circles the reputation of a nuthouse.

And all because a visitor, none too analytical of Mr. Disney's caricature problems, walked into an office and found an animator (artist) making horse faces in the mirror!

That gives you an idea how some of the Disney animal actors get the expressions that make you howl with glee.

• •

Marriage in Offing

WHILE MARY ROGERS, beautiful, accomplished daughter of the late Will Rogers, is moon-gazing with Edmund Grainger, young producer, her brother, Will, Jr., now owner and editor of a Beverly Hills

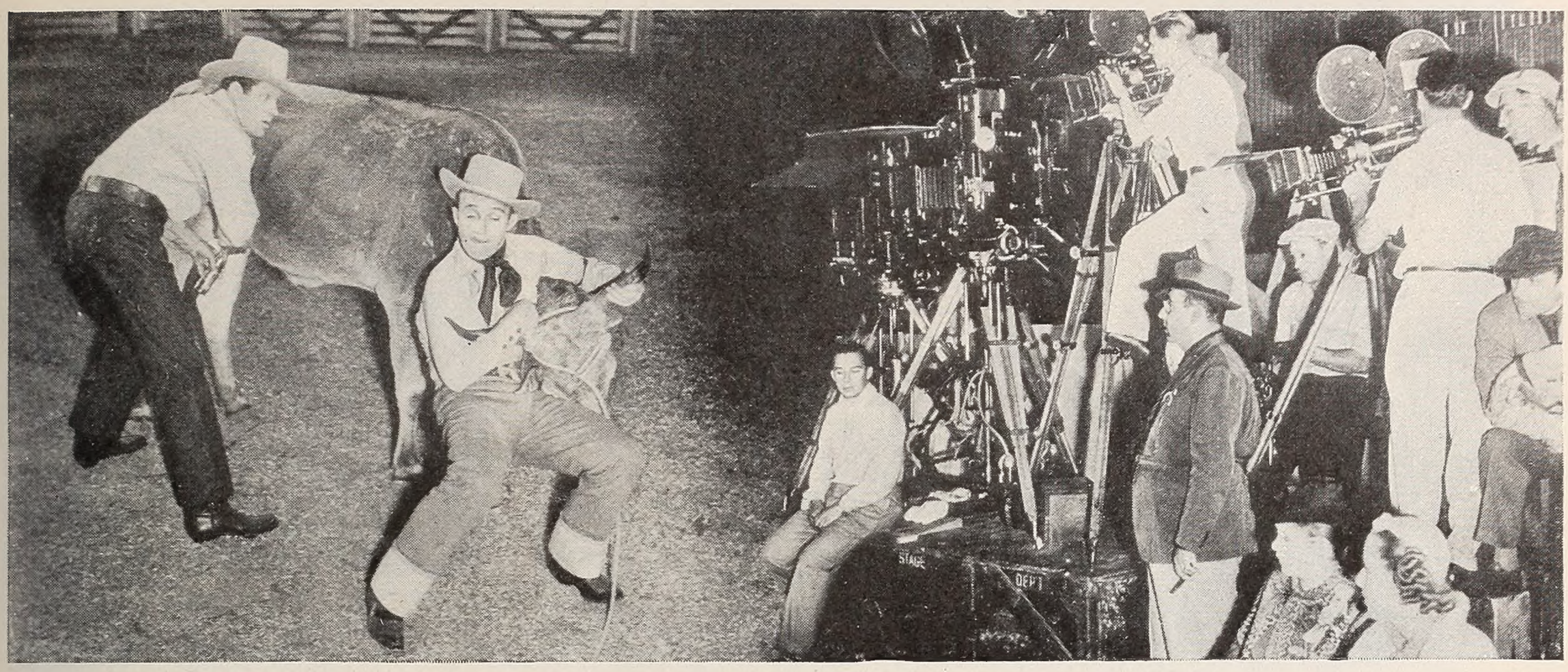
[*Continued on page* 57]

ON THE COVER

The fragile beauty of Irene Dunne never was more beautifully recorded on film than in this natural color picture taken in the studios of Edwin Bower Hesser.

Taken during the filming of Universal's great production, *Showboat*, this photo may go into your scrapbook as a faithful reproduction of the beautiful star at the time of her greatest success to date.

WHAT THEY'RE FILMING



Rhythm on the Range

(Paramount)

● It Seemed inescapable from the first that eventually the film colony would be blessed with a crooning cowboy. And it probably has come as a surprise to many that Bing Crosby, the lad who usually wears dress suits and boiled shirts, is going to be the man.

Not that Bing has decided to go in for horse operas. Quite the opposite in fact. For *Rhythm on the Range* will gently prod the old melodrammers, and Bing will be quite comical throughout.

The story starts in Madison Square Garden in New York, with Bing and Bob Burns—your radio funny man—two cowboys out to win the wild west prizes. And they have a reason, too. They would like to return home with Cuddles, the prize bull on exhibit at the rodeo. Henceforth the two cowboys apply themselves, gather in enough prize money to buy Cuddles.

The trip home is a wild affair. In the first place, Bing sneaks Cuddles aboard an empty rattler, and finds Frances Farmer —a very cute little trick—right at his heels. She's a society girl who is running away from home and running after Bing. It's a sad state of affairs when she realizes that, momentarily at least, Bing is goofier about his prize bull than anything else in the world!

● Such Is The Delightful nonsense that should make this picture highly entertaining for all of us. Norman Taurog, masterful at comedy, is the director.

One of the songs that is certain to become popular is "Round-up Lullaby," a number powerful enough to put even Cuddles to sleep on at least one occasion. Cuddles (see photos) is a two-ton Hereford bull, and important enough to the picture to rate a stand-in! His stooge is the living image of Cuddles, and equally docile.

The latter fact is a lucky thing for everyone. Especially the lookout man



You'll find plenty of excitement and comedy in *Rhythm on the Range*. Bing Crosby croons while Bob Burns milks in the top composite photograph. Below, Bing sings a lullaby to *Cuddles*, the prize bull

who had to stand outside the stage door and wave a red flag every time the cameras began to grind. Cuddles and his stand-

[*Continued on page* 48]

Bullets or Ballots

(Warners)

● Before He Kills a man Edward G. Robinson likes to take a short nap. It refreshes him and gives him needed strength to carry on the appearance of villainy which, for a long time, has netted him large sums of motion picture money.

On such occasions he sleeps calmly, wakens easily and goes about the business of bumping off his rivals with a steady hand.

In fact, Robinson likes to have his "forty winks" before he plays any particularly violent scene.

He has, therefore, dozed more than usual during recent weeks at the Warner Brothers studios where he is working as the most important third of the toughest triumvirate of "shootin' men" ever to appear in one picture. Humphrey Bogart, the slow witted Duke Mantee of *The Petrified Forest* and Barton MacLane, the gang leader in *Dr. Socrates*, are the

[*Continued on page* 50]



Edw. G. Robinson menaces again in *Bullets or Ballots*, his latest picture for Warners. Joan Blondell looks on as William Pawley takes the grief. Fighting tires villainous Robinson



Speaking of FIT

Permanent Fit is the First Essential in a swimming suit. Many suits fit satisfactorily in the try-on-rooms. Not so many a month later. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. It's America's finest-fitting swimming suit. The magic of Jantzen-stitch literally molds it to your body with an amazing degree of figure control.

ROSALIND KEITH... *appearing in Paramount Pictures, wears the* Jantzen BRÄ-TUCK, $5.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50 *to* $8.95.

Jantzen
molded-fit
swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 282), Portland, Ore.
Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐
Name _____
Address _____

Fanagram Contest

Win Carole Lombard's Movie Camera!

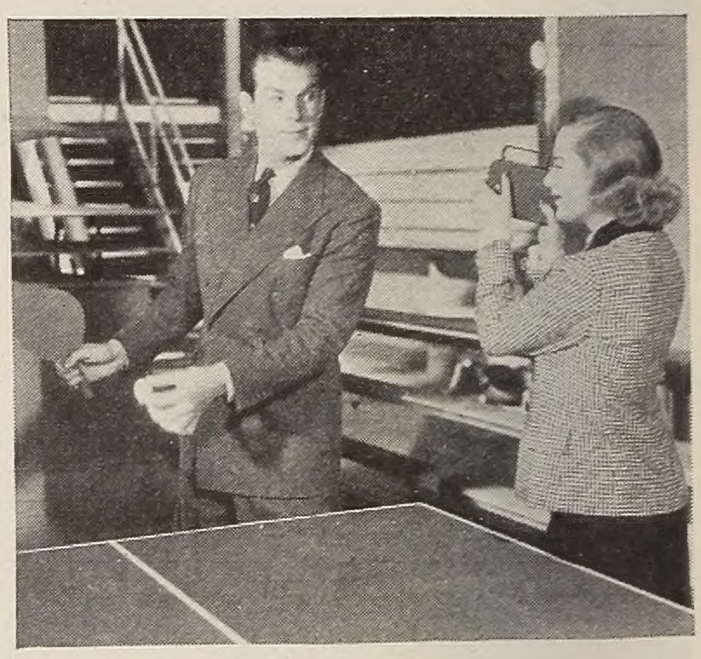
CAROLE LOMBARD'S own personal movie camera, simple and economical in operation, is this month's prize to Fanagrammers over the country. With it anyone can make home movies, preserve the film until such a time as he may buy a projector to go with the camera. Thus a real, modern album may be kept of loved ones, to be shown in future years.

Carole's camera is an Eastman 8 mm. machine, the most economical piece of equipment yet devised. It's the same kind many other stars use to catch scenes of their current productions.

FANAGRAMS is a new and brilliant version of the anagram game—it's a contest that is all fun and no work! Here's a new diversion entirely free from the strain of crossword puzzles, and the winner will receive Carole Lombard's movie camera.

A FANAGRAM is an appropriate, interesting or amusing phrase created by rearranging the letters contained in the name of some movie star. You can't drop or add letters. Here's a good example: Take the name of *Maureen O'Sullivan,* rearrange the letters, and you can get the phrase *"on a Universal mule."* That's a FANAGRAM. Simple? Yes, and lots of fun, too!

Here are additional samples of FANAGRAMS: *Maurice Chevalier* rearranges to read *"I have a Miracle Cure." Hoot Gibson* becomes *"Big Shot? O no!" Marlene Dietrich* rearranges to *"I'm clear in the red." George Raft* can be changed into *"great forge."*



Here's the home movie camera in action Carole "shoots" Fred MacMurray

To win Carole Lombard's home movie camera, you must submit the following:

(1) Make as many possible FANAGRAMS as you can out of the name of Roland Young. List your FANAGRAMS in numerical order.

(2) Choosing the name of your favorite film star, see how many FANAGRAMS you can devise from his (or her) name. List them numerically.

The winner will be selected from the entries, which, in the opinion of the judges, are clear and readable, cleverest, and contain the longest list of FANAGRAMS. Bear in mind that mere number of FANAGRAMS alone will not decide the winner. Your FANAGRAMS should be as clever and different as possible. Remember, you can't use a letter twice in the star's name, nor can you drop or add any letter not in the name! Read the rules carefully, then join in this pleasant pastime. You may win the prize!

SHE WINS BING'S RADIO!

To Mary A. Bruner, 5115 Atlantic Ave., Ventnor City, N. J., goes Bing Crosby's personal radio set for her exceedingly fine Fanagrams contributions. The winning Fanagrams: *Wallace Beery—we relay cable; Madge Evans—Dave nags me; Norman Foster—for so men rant; Katharine Hepburn—park a hen in her tub; Loretta Young—glue on toy rat; Fred Astaire—fair rat seed; Freddie Bartholomew—for the law did bore me.*

Some Fanagram contributions hit the same phrase with amazing frequency. Most popular Fanagrams: *Wallace Beery—we all cry a bee; Bing Crosby—sobbing cry; Madge Evans—sad men gave; Norman Foster—rest for no man; Bing Crosby—song by crib.*

Unusual Fanagrams selected at random: *Edward Arnold—darned old war* (Mrs. Fancher, South Bend, Ind.); *Fred Astaire—a red ear fits* (Mr. Burkhart, New Orleans); *Eddie Cantor—Ed, I don't care* (Mr. Yant, Canton, O.); *Norma Shearer—roars her name* (Mrs. True, Muncie, Ind.); *Miriam Hopkins—I am o. k. in hips, Mr.* (Mrs. Bernard, Hoboken, N. J.); *Boris Karloff—robs fair folk* (Mrs. Womack, Roanoke, Va.); *Eddie Cantor—oh, I dented car* (unidentified); *Luise Rainer—a rise in lure* (Mrs. Beisel, Hazleton, Pa.); *Kay Francis—inky fracas* (Mrs. Riley, Oakland); *Greta Garbo—got rare gab,* and *Norman Foster—Senator for N. M.* (Mr. Mandelaris, Ann Arbor, Mich.).

Louis Schneider, Clinton, Mo., sends this one in German: *Marlene Dietrich—an licht der reine* (which he translates as meaning "by the light of the pure one." Myrtle Rabner addressed a personal appeal to the editor in this one: *Eddie Cantor—Ted, can I do 'er?*

The hundreds and hundreds of contributions were carefully studied by the judges before final selection. Next month we will announce the winner of Shirley Temple's doll. Watch for it!

FANAGRAMS RULES

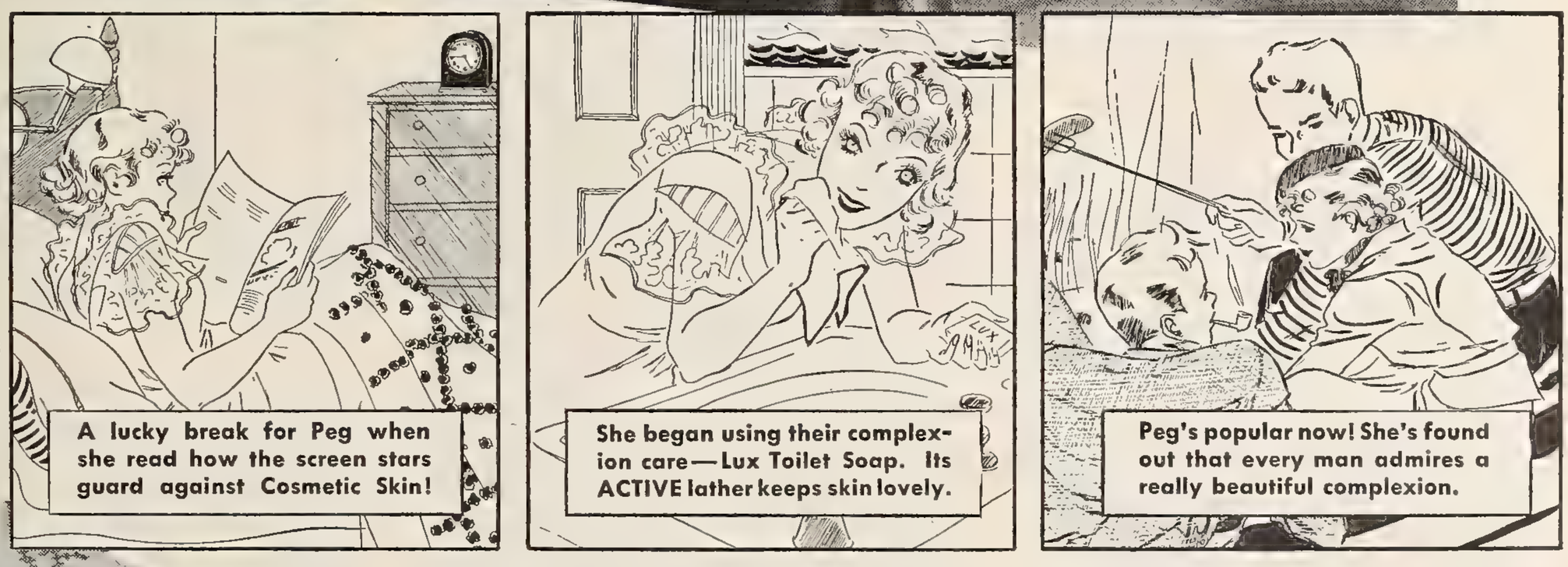
1. Read the sample FANAGRAMS carefully before attempting your solution.
2. Note the two separate requirements necessary to make you eligible as a prize winner.
3. Neatness counts, but cleverness and originality will largely determine the winner.
4. The judges shall be selected by the Editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, and their decision will be final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry, nor will entries be returned.
5. Contest closes July 15. The winner will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
6. No employee or relative of an employee of this magazine is eligible.
7. Any number of solutions may be offered by one person.
8. Address all entries to Carole Lombard, Contest Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Be sure your address is correct!

Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin



STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "COLLEEN"

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret



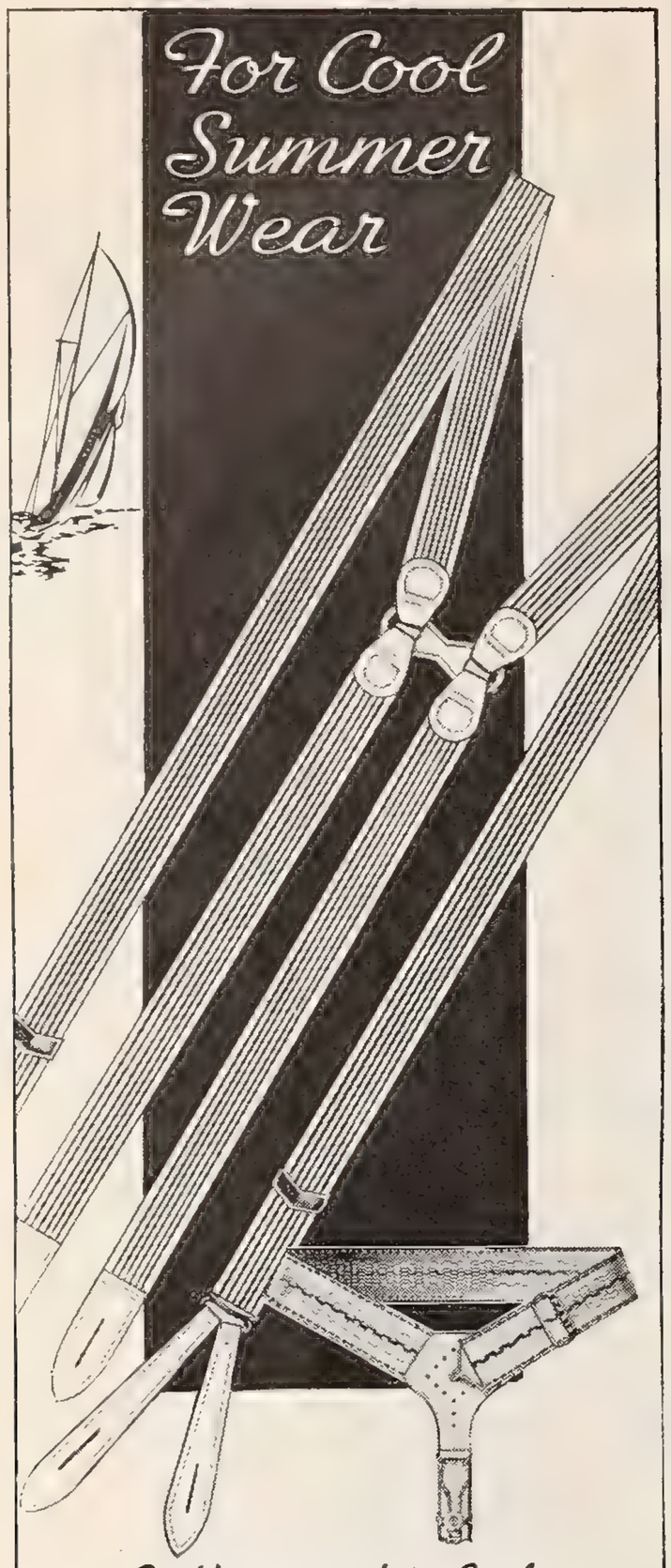


Use cosmetics all you wish but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous *choked* pores! Cosmetic Skin develops *gradually*. To *protect* your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!



A Note to the Ladies

PARIS

Garters and Suspenders

"FEEL AS COOL AS THEY LOOK"

"Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it" is an exploded theory today. Consider these new, cool Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris, for example. They'll prove we've been thinking of his comfort—and doing something about the weather. Get him a few pairs today to give him his share of summer comfort.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders $1—$1.50
"Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders"

Paris Garters 50c—$1
"No Metal Can Touch You"

AUTHENTIC STYLING
The Mark of Distinction

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York

FAN MAIL

by Harmony Haynes



Summer-time is party time in Hollywood! At this gay affair Mitchel Leisen, Virginia Bruce, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone arrived together

Among The Million letters that pour into Hollywood daily, there are many which strike a tender chord in the heart of the star recipient.

For several years, Madge Evans has been writing to a little girl who was crippled. Some months ago she received a letter from the girl saying that she was about to have an operation which might enable her to walk. The child felt that her faith in Miss Evans would prove helpful in this crisis and asked for a new picture that she might take to the hospital with her.

Miss Evans not only sent the picture, but sent cards, letters and little gifts to cheer the sufferer. Then yesterday she wept over her reward—a letter from the girl saying, "I can walk now and it might please you to know that I had your picture in my hand when I took my first step."

● John Boles Was deeply touched by a high school girl who had sent him her school pin, saying "It is my dearest possession and I want you to have it."

The pin, of course, did not mean nearly as much to Mr. Boles as it did to the girl, "but the sentiment behind it was so sweet and unselfish that I absolutely feel awed," he said.

He felt that he could not keep such a gift, but he did wear it a whole day, then blessed it and returned it to the sender.

Una Merkel and her mother had been corresponding with a child who had been ill for some time. Eagerly those two looked forward to those childish letters. Then there was a long silence, followed by a letter from the child's mother. Una's little friend had died. Una was so heartbroken, she was unable to face a camera that day.

The moral to all this is that stars do appreciate your appreciation. They read your letters with deep interest and benefit by them. Remember that with thousands of letters pouring into Hollywood, it would be unreasonable to expect stars to do personal favors. Don't ask favors from them and you won't be disappointed in their reactions.

Here Come the Letters

Let Her Have Raisins

Mr. Ken Howard:

May I ask you how you dare criticize Joan Crawford on flimsy bits of gossip? Surely you realize that all the stories that circulate about the stars are not necessarily true?

Even if it is true that Joan sometimes "picks raisins out of bread" and "sits on the floor to entertain the press" one cannot be the smartest, most sophisticated, glamorous woman of the screen every second of the day.

Please allow Joan to do the little every day things occasionally. Do you not relax yourself sometimes and, perhaps, scratch your head?

It was Tolstoy who said, "I love people for what they are, not for what I think they should be."

Most sincerely,

Hilda Orleans,
390 Madison, Ave.,
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

After reading Mr. Howard's criticism of Joan Crawford, I am convinced that he doesn't understand our Joan at all. The glamorous, sophisticated lady of culture and refinement is the *screen* Joan, and the one who so disillusioned him is the *real* Joan—the one who dares to let her hair down and be herself to the extent of picking raisins out of bread and sitting on the floor in the presence of company.

Do you blame her for shedding all traces of her screen self and being just a plain person as you and I? After all, does she owe her entire life to us? So what if she does kick over the traces once in a while? I prefer her, in a crisp house dress, sitting on the floor, picking raisins out of bread!

Yours truly,

Dorothy Culver,
Parkdale Terrace
Rochester, N. Y.

● ●

Stories for Stone

Dear Editor:

I'm all for Fred Stone having bigger and better parts—and if you don't mind—a few *stories!*

Of course, he's not a *Will Rogers,* but he does have that same homey appeal. In "Alice Adams"



Two promising young actors! Gail Patrick poses with Don Woods, Warner star, whose character roles stamp him as a most valuable player. Miss Patrick's careerhas proved equally successful at Paramount

he was wonderful. I felt so sorry for him that I wept. The same in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." His bewilderment, his wavering between what was in his heart and what was the custom of his people was one of the most pathetic things I ever saw, and he certainly, with the help of Spanky McFarland, stole the picture right away from those bright youngsters, Sylvia Sidney, Fred McMurray, and Henry Fonda.

A "Stone" friend,

Freda Goetz,

Sabin, Minnesota.

Fred Stone does have some of the same lovable, homey qualities that endeared people to the late Will Rogers. Did you know that they were life-long friends? Maybe that has something to do with it. Two men couldn't love each other as much as those two did and not be somewhat alike.—The Editor.

• •

Tots Bring Tears

Dear Miss Haynes:

A vote for two children! All because they made me cry. I have sat through many films, including *Stella Dallas* and *What Price Glory* and never shed a tear when all about me was weeping, unrestrained.

However, I did have to get out my hanky twice recently—once in *The Littlest Rebel,* when Shirley Temple, having tried to ward off the Yankee officer, Jack Holt, she runs to John Boles and cries, "Oh, Daddy, I didn't do it right!"

The second was in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* when his grandfather points to his mother and says that he has saved the best of his birthday party for the last and Freddie runs up to Dolores Costello and says, "Oh, Dearest, Dearest, I did want you so much!"

Just a Sob Sister.

If weeping over those two splendid scenes make you a sob sister, then I'm afraid many of us are guilty of the same title. There is something about a child's sudden tear that often strikes a tender chord in the mature heart. I remember years ago when Florence Vidor was making a picture in which she had to weep. Sad music, sad stories, nothing seem to have any effect upon her tear ducts. Then a little girl started to cry, Florence looked into the sad little face, and the tears flowed freely for the camera.—The Editor.

[*Continued on page* 14]

Now Pursued... *instead of* Shunned!



She found the lovelier way

TO AVOID OFFENDING

Daintily fragrant, so alluring ... since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

IT keeps you dainty in *two ways* ... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

First, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. *And then,* with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

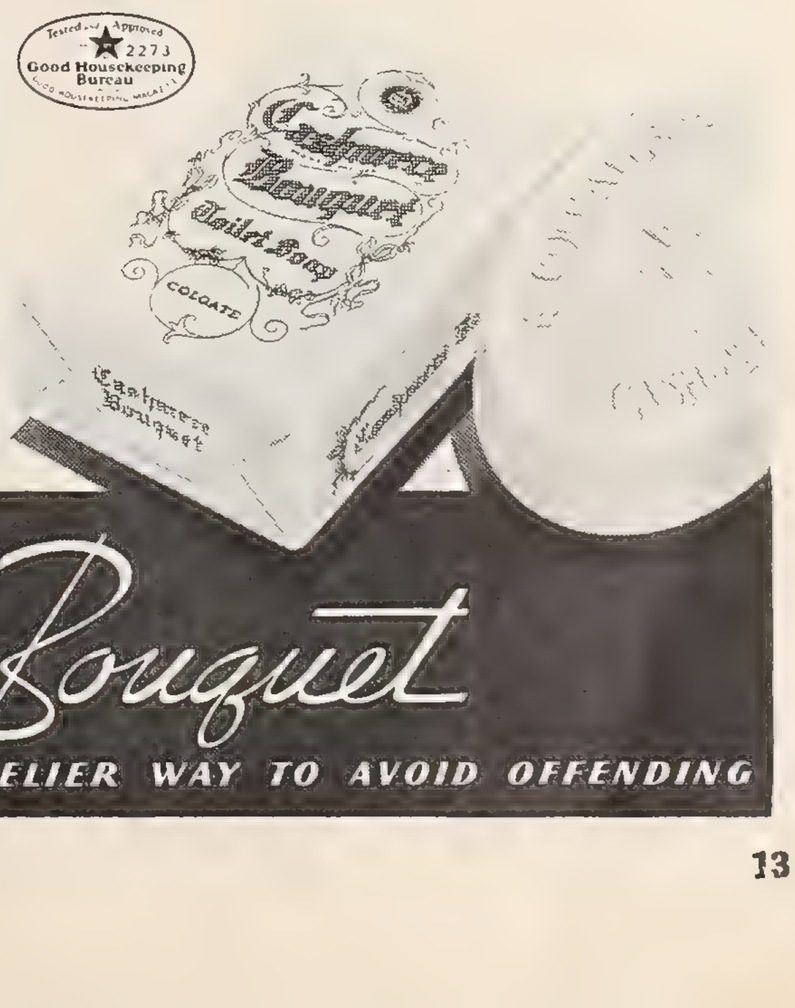
Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.



NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.



BATHE WITH *Cashmere Bouquet*

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

This story will interest many Men and Women



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



© S.S.S. Co.

FAN MAIL



20th Century's younger set gathered one night for a party. We snapped this picture of Alice Faye, John McGuire and diminutive Dixie Dunbar at the festive board

Where Do the Writers Cash In?

Dear Editor:

Something has bothered me for years. I never thought it was any of my business before, but now that I am determined to become a writer, I feel that I must ask my question.

How do writers for movie magazines get paid? Does the star pay them? Or does the writer pay the star? Or does the studio pay? Or does the magazines pay?

Please don't think me a nit-wit—others I have talked to are as much in the dark as I am.

Grace Larson,
Bellham, Wash.

The magazines pay the writers. The stars, through the publicity department of the studio, gives the interview to the writer. They do not charge for such an interview because they are only too happy to permit their readers, through the fan writers, to know more about them.

• •

Not Temple Tempered

Dear Mr. Magee:

I agree with you and all the writers and publishers and editors who tell the world over and over again that Shirley Temple is NOT being a spoiled little girl. And no doubt, it has taken the place of the "Santa Claus won't come" bribe in order to get little children the world over to be good.

But, Mr. Editor, I'm grown up! And I get plenty tired of hearing that Shirley Temple is NOT spoiled. If you must fill your magazine with children, can't we please have a change of diet? Tell us a bit about Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers, Cora Sue Collins, Spanky McFarland, Eddie McManus, Sybil Jason—or that beautiful little girl that played in "Alias Mary Dow."

Yours in patience,
Patty Drane,
Spartanburg, S. C.

• •

The First Barrymore

Dear Mr. Magee:

When are we going to have a big, big story on Lionel Barrymore? Year after year he turns out about him. The studios, and the magazines too, I guess, just seem to take it for granted. What does he have to do to get a story—make a flop?

The papers are full of Ethel, John and Ariel, and they can't hold a candle to Lionel when it comes to acting—either on or off the screen. I admit he isn't flashy, doesn't get into trouble or make scenes off the screen, so maybe he isn't good copy, but I'll bet he'd be grand reading, so how about it?

John Hubert,
Elberon, N. J.

Correct you are! Mr. Lionel Barrymore has yet to give an inadequate screen performance. On the stage, he was always considered "the Third Barrymore" but he is now the "First Barrymore" of the screen.—The Editor.

• •

A Club for Hollywood

Dear Editor:

I thought you might like to know that I belong to a club here, called "Hollywood Magazine Club," and every month, each member of the club must read Hollywood Magazine from cover to cover and report on a story which appeared there. It's swell fun!

In that way we thoroughly cover the magazine, carefully criticize every feature of it.

Jennie Garr,
51 Rockwell Ave.,
Long Beach, New Jersey.

Thank you, Jennie Garr, and all your fellow members for your interest in HOLLYWOOD Magazine.—The Editor.

• •

Horrible Horror

Dear Editor:

Why cannot horror films be made with the same serious care as the other kind? The present system of heaping one absurdity upon another, and thinking nothing too nonsensical, is only treachery to the canons of art. Horror story writers agree that to write such a story requires the highest genius and technical skill and I can see no reason why this rule should not apply to film production.

Let us have more subtlety and restraint and then these films will really do what they promise, instead the most perfect of performances and yet no stories

of exciting ridicule. It has been done only once—in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Yours sincerely,
Bertha Barwis,
26 Dagnell Park,
South Norwood,
London, S. E. 25

• •

Anne Shirley Gets Portrait

To the Editor:

I have been reading your HOLLYWOOD Magazine for quite a long time, but I didn't notice a "front cover" or *Lamp Post Portrait* of that little young rising RKO-Radio star, Anne Shirley.

Why don't you give an opportunity in a future (early) issue, say July, 1936 issue?

I will be looking to an edition of HOLLYWOOD as ever, but now with greater anxiety as I feel it in my bones Anne Shirley will have a front cover or *Lamp Post Portrait* in HOLLYWOOD, soon.

This is the only fan magazine I read and have learned from experience this is best.

Alexander W. Olechnowing,
4476 Freer St., Detroit, Michigan.

Admirer Olechnowing will be glad to find a Lamp Post Portrait of Anne Shirley in this issue. Perhaps a cover photo can be arranged at a later date. Clamoring Jean Parker fans, who have written many letters, may expect a cover photo in natural color within a short time unless plans go amiss.—The Editor.

• •

Garbo in Ruffles

Dear Editor:

Bravo, Princess Indira! I, too, would like to see Garbo in a rôle suited to her delightful personality. Anyone who saw her in *As You Desire Me* knows that she has the light touch, the gay infectious air to invest such a rôle with reality.

Garbo, in ringlets and organdie, is a sight to lift the heart, to utterly distract the mind from life's commonplace realities.

Given the sort of rôle Norma Shearer does so deftly, with a foreign setting to make plausible her delightful accent—that is Garbo as her fans desire her—and with Ronald Colman as co-star—but no, that could never happen, this side of heaven!

Mournfully yours,
Louise A. Baldwin,
Mount Vernon, Ind.

Dear Miss Haynes:

When I read the article by the Princess of Kapurthala, I had to look twice to be sure that the by-line was not mine. The ideas expressed were so completely my own that it was hard to believe that they had not come from my pen.

I have been going to see Garbo's pictures for the sole purpose of watching the sheer artistic beauty and compelling charm of her as she moves through the films. The pictures themselves have bored me completely.

However, I have been heartened by the knowledge that she has already made most of the musty classics, and there are only a few left for her to do. Perhaps we may yet see her happy and even frivolous, instead of suffering, dying, or dead.

Sincerely,
Mae Ashworth,
118 West 9th St., Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Dear Miss Haynes:

From the columns of a small Indiana daily paper, I copied the following, which expresses my sentiments exactly:

TO GARBO

"Lady, your ways are seductive and glamorous
And my applause is both sincere and clamorous,
But, though your beauty will always intrigue me,
Your eternal suffering begins to fatigue me."

Then I read that Indian Princess' intelligent suggestion that Garbo be given a chance to break away from "type" parts, and I threw my new spring derby in the air.

So I hereby reserve membership in the new "Let Garbo be Gay" club, and hope the movement will meet with popular approval, and that in turn, producers will meet popular demand.

Sincerely,
Jack Hirsch,
814 Linwood Drive, St. Louis, Mo.

Garbo, back in Hollywood after a long absence, will recuperate in warm sunshine from recurrent illnesses, then film *Camille* with John Barrymore and Robert Taylor. Perhaps M-G-M will pay heed to Garbo's followers in other pictures to come.—The Editor.



Go Best – young man choose PABST . . .

Stop at your favorite spot and join the throng by asking for Pabst TAPaCan. Treat yourself to the delicious flavor and brewery goodness that millions of folks are enjoying.

For ninety-two years Pabst has been making fine beer. And now, for the first time—that original brewery goodness is captured at the brewery and brought to you just as Pabst made it. Sealed in—fully protected, non-refillable, tamper-proof—Pabst Export Beer reaches you with all its delicious brewery flavor. Enjoy Pabst from your own convenient personal container—enjoy beer with a deliciousness and purity you have never tasted before. Go *best*, young man, and refuse all substitutes. Call for the best by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed Right In
- Protected Flavor
- Non-refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry
- No Breakage

Old Tankard Ale

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale—full bodied; full-flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.



PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

© 1936, Premier-Pabst Corp.

ASHAMED TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT SHE WAS SO SKINNY!



Posed by Professional Model

. . . But Very First Bottle of Kelpamalt Added 7 Flattering Pounds . . .!

NOW LOOKS FINE AND FEELS GREAT

Read this actual Letter From Our Files—Another proof that Natural Iodine in this New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea is Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds and Build New Strength.

Kelpamalt Company,
"Dear Sirs:

"I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

"Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."
—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 862, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Brief Film Guide

PUT THESE ON YOUR "MUST" LIST:



The Moon's Our Home—(Wanger-Paramount)—Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda co-star in a deliciously funny farce.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town—(Columbia)—Gary Cooper does his finest—and funniest rôle to date, with lovely Jean Arthur helping out.

Rose Marie—(M-G-M)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy amid beautiful scenery and beautiful songs. One of the very best.

Trail of the Lonesome Pine—(Paramount)—Glorious Technicolor that marks a milestone; fine performances by MacMurray, Sidney, Fonda, Fred Stone.

The Great Ziegfeld—(M-G-M)—Three hours of gorgeous spectacles in one of the best pictures ever! Luise Rainer, William Powell, Myrna Loy.

The Country Doctor—(20th Century)—It's a natural with the Dionne quints, Jean Hersholt and swell cast.

Magnificent Obsession—(Universal)—Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor in the screen version of the best seller.

Captain Blood—(Warners)—In which you meet a dashing hero by the name of Errol Flynn and get better acquainted with lovely Olivia de Havilland.

Mutiny on the Bounty—(M-G-M) — Gable, Laughton and Tone in a magnificent saga of the sea.

Thanks A Million—(20th Century)—Rollicking musical with Dick Powell as the ultra-star.

Night at the Opera—(M-G-M)—Three Marx brothers raise the roof at the opera. Screamingly funny.

Story of Louis Pasteur — (Warners) — Paul Muni, Donald Woods, Anita Louise in an absorbing science story.

I Dream Too Much — (RKO) — Lily Pons brings her voice and personality to the screen. You will not be disappointed.

Midsummer Night's Dream—(Warners)—All star cast makes Shakespeare easy to take. Glorious settings.

WATCH FOR THESE BETTER FILMS:



Small Town Girl—(M-G-M)—Janet Gaynor returns to the screen with Robert Taylor the leading man. Story of hasty marriage and grief.

Big Brown Eyes — (Wanger-Paramount)—Cary Grant, Joan Bennett and Alan Baxter in a swell mystery story.

Unguarded Hour—(M-G-M)—Loretta Young, Franchot Tone and Roland Young in a mystery story with English background. Entertaining.

Petticoat Fever—(M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy in an Arctic love story that warms your heart.

I Married a Doctor—(Warners)—Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson. Latest version of Main Street.

And So They Were Married—(Columbia)—Pleasant enough film with Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor, Edith Fellows.

Law in Her Hands—(Warners) — Margaret Lindsay as the clever woman lawyer who tries to outsmart the law. Warren Hull and Lyle Talbot also ran.

The Ex-Mrs. Bradford—(R-K-O) — William Powell and Jean Arthur delight everyone with a topnotch mystery story full of laughs.

Florida Special—(Paramount)—Jack Oakie and Sally Eilers in fair entertainment. Formula picture with mystery predominant.

Mine With Iron Door—(Columbia)—Richard Arlen, Cecilia Parker and Henry B. Walthall in performances better than the story material.

Big Noise—(Warners)—Guy Kibbee, Warren Hull, Alma Lloyd and Dick Foran. Story of retired rich man who re-enters business.

Petrified Forest—(Warners)—Leslie Howard and Bette Davis continue the high standards of the stage play. Swell desert stuff.

Anything Goes—(Paramount)—Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman and superior cast in a tuneful musical show.

Wife vs. Secretary—(M-G-M)—Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. Jean has sex without lowcut gowns, and her wild shouting is all missing.

Message to Garcia—(20th Century)—John Boles, Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery in a pretty good picture.

Little Lord Fauntleroy—(Selznick)—Dolores Costello and Freddie Bartholomew in a picture that is almost aces.

These Three—(Goldwyn)—Joel McCrea, Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and a pair of fine kid actors. Really grand picture.

Love Before Breakfast—(Universal)—Carole Lombard and Preston Foster make an unimportant picture very entertaining indeed.

Robin Hood of El Dorado—(M-G-M)—A saga of the gold rush with Warner Baxter doing a marvelous job. Picture should have been epic; just missed.

Rhodes—(Gaumont-British)—Walter Huston's performance makes this worth while. Low on love interest, high on drama.

Modern Times—(United Artists)—Charles Chaplin returns to the screen in good comedy. Maybe not his very best, but good.

Gentle Julia—(20th Century) — Jane Withers ascends the long trail to box office hits with this one. Tarkington stuff.

Desert Gold—(Paramount)—Rates mentioning because it represents top notch westerns.

Three Godfathers—(M-G-M)—Chester Morris, Lewis Stone and Irene Hervey do a western in nice style.

Snowed Under — (Warners) — George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, and typical Warner cast in a bang-up comedy.

Next Time We Love—(Universal—A tragic, poignant story of career vs. marriage enacted by Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.

The Milky Way—(Paramount)—Harold Lloyd's newest and perhaps funniest screen yarns. Swell supporting cast.

Prisoner of Shark Island—(20th Century)—The story of a Civil War martyr, Dr. Samuel Mudd, played expertly by Warner Baxter. Tragic but highly interesting just the same.

Captain January — (20th Century) — Shirley Temple turns orphan in this picture, one of her best. You'll love Guy Kibbee, Slim Summerville.

Desire—(Paramount)—Bogs down in spots, but all in all proves grand entertainment with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper stand-outs.

Strike Me Pink—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor fans will consider this his best one. Fun in an amusement park.

Every Saturday Night—(20th Century)—Family stuff—the same thing that happens in your own home—only here it is great entertainment.

Follow the Fleet—(RKO)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire continue their hit parade. Swell songs, swell dances, and a new discovery named Harriet Hilliard who will catch your eye.

Just A Girl—(G-B)—Meet Jessie Matthews, the new British sensation, in a girl-imitates-boy rôle.

Ceiling Zero—(Warners)—The best Cagney-Pat O'Brien film in ages. Funny, dramatic, dynamic. Pretty near sensational.

Passing of the Third Floor Back—(G-B)—Conrad Veidt deftly handles the rôle of the Stranger who straightens out tangled lives.

Rendezvous — (M-G-M) — William Powell, Rosalind Russell in a World War spy story.

Frisco Kid—(Warners)—James Cagney, Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods in a Barbary Coast story.

O'Shaughnessy's Boy — (M-G-M) — Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper pluck at your heart strings in a circus picture.

Barbary Coast—(United Artists)—Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Robinson and Joel McCrea in a thrilling Barbary Coast yarn.

Big Broadcast of 1936—(Paramount)—Oakie, Crosby, Roberti, Burns and Allen broadcast. You just listen and applaud.

I Live My Life—(M-G-M)—Joan Crawford glistens. Brian Aherne and a swell cast.

Shipmates Forever—(Warners) — Annapolis story with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. You may be a little tired of the song by now.

The Clairvoyant—(G-B)—Claude Rains in the title rôle joins with Fay Wray to make this a superior seer picture.

Ariane—(British International)—Elisabeth Bergner scores a triumph. The problem: marrying a kept girl.

The Crusades—(Paramount)—Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and a grand cast in a De-Mille spectacle.

ONLY FAIR:



Times Square Playboy—(Warners)—Warren William and Gene Lockhart try, but fail.

The Sky Parade—(Paramount)—Only the children will put up with this.

Penitente Murder Case—(Revier)—Obvious opportunism based on New Mexico murder story you read about. Religious cult not quite as depicted.

Captain Calamity—(Regal)—Color process film of South Sea background. Marian Nixon, George Houston. Almost good.

The Harvester—(Republic)—Appeals perhaps to limited clientele. Alice Brady and miscellaneous cast try without succeeding.

Last Call for the Trip to the Stars



Max Factor, one of hosts to our trippers, snapped as he explained beauty secrets to seven pretty girls on their first tour of filmland. Tourists will again visit his salon

HOLLYWOOD Magazine's second annual tour to Movieland brought more than 12,000 inquiries to the editor's desk, indicating the vast interest of its readers in the plan for an organized "houseparty" to come by special train to Hollywood.

Due to group prices with hotels and railroads, cost of the tour run as low as $160 from Chicago, drop to $91.20 without railroad fare. These trimmings for the Movieland tour include side trips in Mount Rainier national park, boat rides in Seattle, San Francisco's Chinatown, sightseeing in Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs, while the main attraction—Hollywood itself—will be replete with studio visits, supper dances, cocktail parties with hosts and hostesses of the colony, and even include a circus.

Paula Stone will be hostess at the reception for the trippers to be conducted at her beautiful Hollywood home. Here this Warner Brothers star lives with her father, Fred Stone (*Trail of Lonesome Pine*), sister Dorothy, and brother-in-law Charles Collins (*Dancing Pirate*).

● TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX will be hosts for the studio trip, and here you'll see the beautiful Westwood Hills headquarters of Darryl Zanuck's picture empire, where such great films as *Prisoner of Shark Island, Under Two Flags* and others were recently completed.

Ken Maynard is to entertain at his big new circus now located at his ranch, in Van Nuys, where it will be presenting its many notable acts this summer before making a national tour.

To insure a place on the tour, which leaves Chicago Sunday night, July 19 and returns August 2, mail $15 for each ticket to Joe Godfrey, Jr., 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. A postcard to him will bring a beautiful 24-page illustrated booklet containing full details.

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TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

If he waves his hat, it's grand! Otherwise—!

by TED MAGEE

SHOWBOAT—(Universal)—Standing up beside any musical production in the past year, *Showboat* achieves special distinction because its musical numbers carry a deep human relation quite apart from the usual spectacular geometric patterns. The picture can be regarded as personal achievements for many persons in the cast. Irene Dunne's interpretation of the rôle of Magnolia is perhaps her finest work to date. Charles Winninger, whom you have learned to love as Captain Henry in the radio *Showboat*, moves into your visual love as her tender, human father. Universal, often the studio to find new stars, sends Allan Jones on his way upward as Miss Dunne's film lover. Gifted with a marvelous singing voice, Jones adds an equally good dose of acting and as a result is bound to go places. Everyone would expect Paul Robeson to sing *Old Man River* meritoriously. As a matter of fact, his rendition of this number is probably the finest thing of its kind ever heard anywhere. The drama of the music has been sharply heightened by excellent illustrative photography, depicting the story behind the song. Helen Morgan expertly handles the rôle of Julie. Deserving special mention is Hattie McDaniels, the chubby old negro mammy you have enjoyed so often.



Gaylord Ravenal (Allan Jones) meets Magnolia (Irene Dunne) for the first time—a romantic moment from Universal's splendid film, *Showboat*

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS—(Paramount)—This picture is not a fitting successor to *Hands Across the Table*, therefore may prove something of a disappointment to those who saw Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray achieve such grand nonsense in the earlier film. Nevertheless, the pair of them do all they can under the circumstances and if you are not too demanding, the film will please. It starts out to be pleasant nonsense, suddenly turns into a mystery story. If you don't look out you will be thinking that the problem is not to identify the murderer, but how to trap him. As a matter of fact, we'll just wager on the spot you won't even bother to puzzle over possible killers. Lombard is superb in her masquerade as the phoney Swedish princess. (Surely they wouldn't be kidding Garbo, would they?) As usual, you can't help liking Fred MacMurray. Maybe you had better see this one just to check ratings with us.

UNDER TWO FLAGS—(20th Century)—This spectacle of the desert rates better then average consideration because of an exceptional cast and fine photography. Given an ancient story of the drifting sands, 20th Century builds it into worthwhile entertainment despite the same old desert action. Top acting honors go to Ronald Colman and Rosalind Russell, with Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and Nigel Bruce pressing them closely. Miss Colbert is cast as Cigarette, girl mascot of the Foreign Legion. This seems an obvious mistake in view of her fine performance of late in more sophisticated rôles. Nevertheless, she matches wits with Miss Russell who plays the part of an English lady also in love with Mr. Colman. McLaglen as the stern commandant is superb. A dozen other minor characters add substantially to the picture. The sweeping battle scenes on the desert are magnificently photographed.

ANTHONY ADVERSE—(Warners)—How to condense the almost endless pages of this famous story into a single motion picture was the problem confronting Warner Brothers. As it now stands, the film runs for two hours and twenty minutes, tells only half of Anthony's story in that length of time. Carefully handled in every phase, *Adverse* emerges from the studio as a fine study in character development, thoroughly absorbing despite the necessarily episodic nature of the film. Stripped of offensive sex questions, the picture portrays the fateful love story of Anthony (Fredric March) and Angela (Olivia de Havilland). How destiny conspired to blight this romantic marriage is poignantly enacted by a splendid cast. Obviously Fredric March's picture, *Anthony Adverse* nevertheless elicits fine work from Miss de Havilland (whose beauty and charm grow increasingly apparent), Anita Louise, Claude Rains, Edmund Gwenn, Gale Sondergaard and Donald Woods, to single out a few members of the cast. It would be an injustice to overlook many others; let it be said that no one was miscast, and no one failed to fulfill what was expected of him. Here is a film that must be recommended as a thought provoking, memorable picture, expertly directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

SINS OF MAN—(20th Century)—Antidote to the current season's overdose of light comedy, *Sins of Man* comes along as a powerful, heartrending story of a lonely father whose two sons have failed to become the musicians he had always dreamed about. Jean Hersholt falls heir to the principal rôle, proceeds to make it one of the most gripping performances in many moons. Don Ameche, who shows great promise, plays the rôles of both sons. The older boy wanders away to America despite his father's protest, the younger is born deaf and dumb. Hersholt comes to America in search of the older youth, gradually becomes a forlorn bum. Tremendous is the emotional reaction



Outstanding in Warner's production of *Anthony Adverse* are Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland

Brief Guide on Page 16



George Brent and Madeleine Carroll give stellar performances in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*



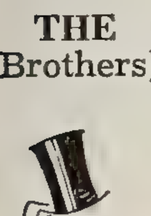
Carole Lombard and Porter Hall are shown in this scene from *The Princess Comes Across.* Fred MacMurray co-stars with her

when he finally meets the younger boy, who through a miracle of the war has gained his hearing. Besides these two principles, Allen Jenkins and Fritz Leiber deserves special mention. The picture is not exactly fine entertainment; it is more soul nourishment. Well worth your time.

JAILBREAK—(Warners)—The sophomore acting team takes the field and scores a doubtful victory in a game of cops and robbers. That's a brief summary of this Warner stock company production. Richard Purcell heads the robbers. Barton MacLane is the dumb detective, Craig Reynolds the enterprising newspaperman who solves it all. June Travis provides the feminine angles—or curves, we might add more properly.



THE GREEN PASTURES—(Warner Brothers)—Blending spiritual qualities in a strange mixture with heavenly comedy, Warners have brought Marc Connely's famous stage production to the screen without losing one particle of the play's powerful appeal. For those unfamiliar with the story it is the plantation negro's conception of God and Creation, with ethereal personalities reduced to earthly terms. De Lawd is played with astonishing simplicity and power by Rex Ingram. The all-negro cast is excellently chosen with the sole exception of Eve. Since the cast credits are not given until the film is over, you, like many a preview spectator, will wait anxiously to learn that Gabriel is played by Oscar Polk and Noah by Eddie Anderson. Don't be afraid of this picture because it is off the beaten path. Its strangeness provides its appeal.



PRIVATE NUMBER—(20th Century-Fox—When the rich young scion, Robert Taylor, marries the servant girl, Loretta Young, things are bound to happen. When she is in the midst of scheming servants, the troubles are multiplied. Such is the story of *Private Number*, with Basil Rathbone perfectly beastly as the butler. Rathbone stirs up scandal, nearly causes an annulment before things are righted.

[*Continued on page* 21]



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By *Lady Esther*

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The Women Who Tamed Jack Oakie

JACK OAKIE, the playboy of Hollywood, let a tear fall into his beer, and sighed from the depths of his romantic heart.

"Love, true, abiding love like you see in the movies, is not for me," he sighed. "I, who have often masked my shattered dreams with a laugh, clowning to cover a broken heart—I, the jester in the court of queens of beauty, shall never find romance. Burp."

Another tear plopped dismally into the flat beer.

Little did he know that Cupid was already preparing to mend his broken heart. The Great Event was to be a beautiful brunette, a young lady with a lilting voice and lovely smile. But back to the tears, the burps, the beer. Back to Jack's dire moans, and thoughts of never finding romance.

"But why?" I demanded. "All the producers want you in pictures. You're rich, popular, and the type who'd laugh at burned biscuits. Look how the critics raved over your work in *Collegiate*, in *King of Burlesque*, in—*Florida Special.*"

"That's just it. There you touch upon the secret of my being," said Oakie. "But let me go back into the dim and misty reaches of time and you will see why I am fated to be loveless.

"Once I was a romantic figure of a man. You got to have that lean and hungry look to make the dames fall for you.

"In other words, the skinny guys get the gravy. Sad, but true! W. C. Fields was that way once. Skinny and romantic. So was Gene Pallette, the round little guy in *The Ghost Goes West.* Believe it or not, he was once thin and glamorous. And me—I could have hid behind a picket fence.

"Alas. The competition became too thick. The stage and movies was filled with lanky heroes like Gary Cooper, so ravishing to the female eye. There remained only one thing to do—decide between love and career. I made my cherce. Gimme another beer."

We ordered two more steins. Oakie had to have something to cry into.

"THERE WAS NOTHING to do but fill out our belts and go comic," he resumed. "So I became a success—but what a price I paid! But to go back into history and resume my thwarted love life. Remember Peggy Hopkins Joyce and me? There was a handsome couple! Glam'rous, glittering, gorgeous Peggy—all eyes would be upon her. That way nobody noticed my old slacks and sweat shirt.

"And that was what came between us. I mean the clothes—" Oakie began to flounder. He groped in panic for a way out. "You see, she didn't like sweat shirts. So what happens? We goes to a party and it's every man for himself. If I want to whisper to her sweet nothings, I got to climb a chair and reach over the heads of the other fellows. Maybe she'd notice me hanging around after I'd drive her up to some swell shindig, and wonder who let in that uncouth individual in a turtle neck sweater. I never could stand getting dressed up.

For a moment nothing was heard but the *pip, plop, pip, plop* of tears falling into beer.

"Then there was Ida Lupino," Oakie resumed, "the fair daughter of the famous Lupino Lane, king of comedians. And thereby, my friend, hangs a tale. If only that beautiful damsel had been descended from a plumber, or royalty, or something.

"But being the daughter of a comedian, she knew the species too well. Ida had heard all my best gags before I even got underway, and could I get a laugh? No. That is, not until I says we ought to be sweethearts. She thought it was a gag, I guess, from the way she laughed.

"And she'd always be able to top one of my laughs with one her Dad pulled off in '88, till it wore me down. Nope, a comedian can't hope of marrying a comedian's daughter. And the Lupino Lanes come from a line of English comedians that goes back to the stooge for old Merlin the magician, and a ordinary, garden variety of American clown don't rate when he tries to make a big impression against that background.



Sophisticated gent? Pay no attention, Oakie will have his little jokie, but he's still just a boy at heart



"Bye, mama! I'm gonna go and get married!" Jack Oakie, in quest of romance, finally met lovely Venita Varden, and then things happened fast!



No wonder Jack Oakie moans about his S. A.! It never was unusual for him to be mobbed by the ladies, but none would ever marry him. The pretty maidens here are starlets from *Florida Special.* From the left: Ann Evers, Jill Deen, Irene Bennett, Gail Sheridan, and (seated) Jeanne Perkins

"It was after this affair died aborning, I guess, when I realized love was not for me. I wish now to make the statement that I am through with women, before they have a chance to say that women are through with me."

THE BEER HAD GONE as flat as one of Oakie's romances. I ordered two more, and asked if there weren't at least one or two girls who had listened to his wooing with unplugged ears.

"How about Mary Brian?"

"Mary!" murmured Oakie, his eyes lighting up. "She *is* a honey. What eyes, what lips, what—"

[*Continued on page* 54]

Topper's Film Reviews

(Continued from page nineteen)

BULLETS OR BALLOTS—(Warner Brothers)—When Edward G. Robinson plays a screen rôle, he invariably creates a character that is long remembered. Here we find him as a flatfoot detective assigned to break up the big city's widespread rackets. At the risk of his own life, he crosses the gang's desperate leaders, Barton MacLane and Humphrey Bogart. The picture gives a clear picture of modern gang machinations. Manages to maintain high excitement with a minimum of shooting. Robinson's work deserves the usual high praise.

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON—(Pickford-Lasky)—Delightful nonsense instigated by Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino, Roland Young and three or four other miscellaneous comics compose the sole purpose and content of this first Pickford - Lasky production. Basis for the story is simple: Lederer, seated in a dark theatre, kisses a stranger instead of his girl friend. The indignant lady (Ida Lupino) has him arrested as the monster. Then ensues a series of light comedy situations replete with mental chuckles if not outright laughter. Unsubstantial as the story is, it nevertheless will please more people than preview critics might suspect.

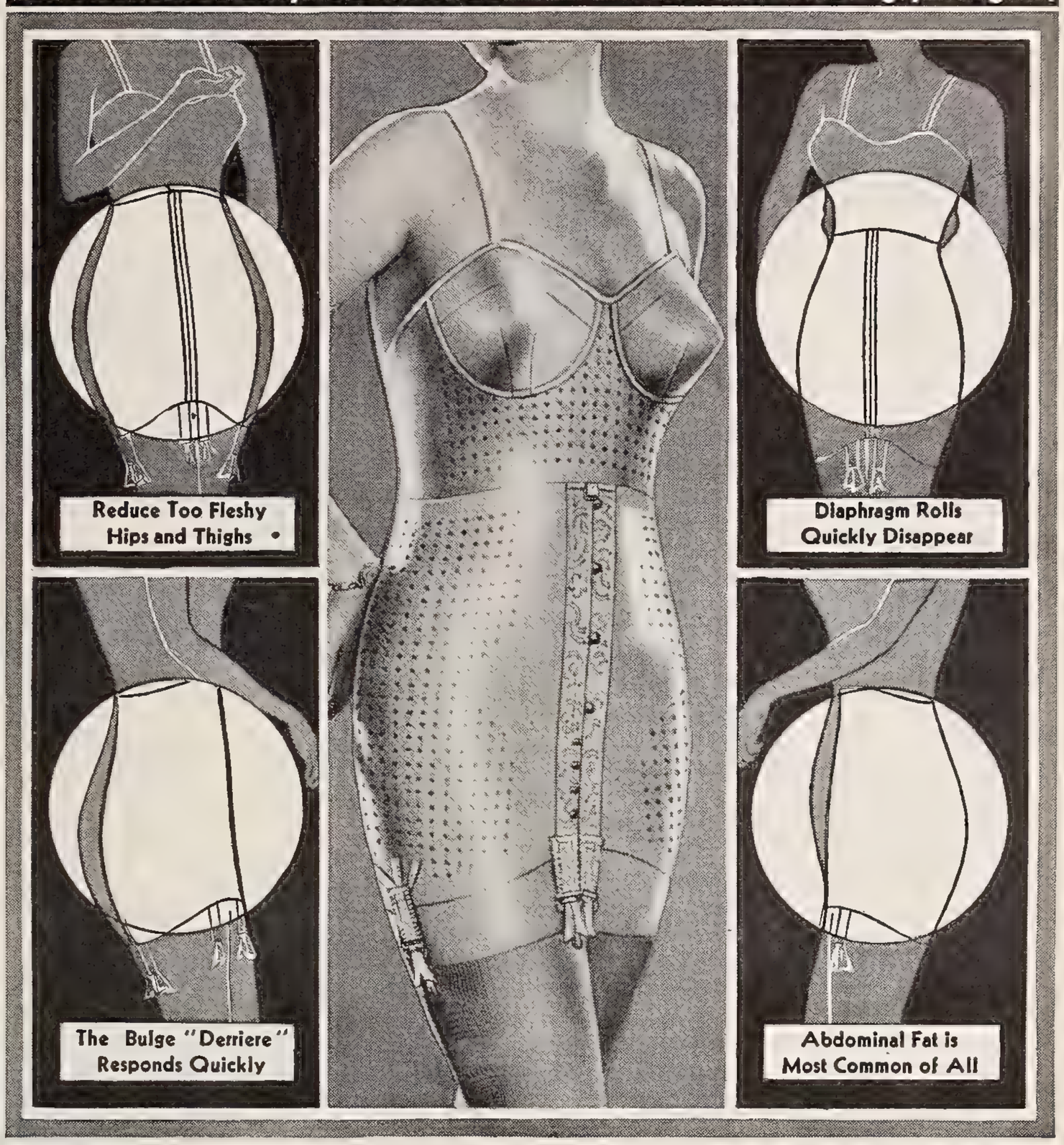
GOLDEN ARROW—(Warners)—With Bette Davis and George Brent heading the cast, one might expect logically something deeply substantial in plot from *Golden Arrow*, something befitting the lady who won the Academy award. Instead we get—and pleasantly enough, at that—the story of a young underpaid reporter who marries (like a good scout) a very rich girl. He doesn't like riches and won't admit he loves her—not until the millionaire idea is exposed as a gag. Miss Davis bewitches as the coy pursuer; meanwhile the script includes plenty of subtle gags, nice twists, and fast action. Result is a picture that makes up in entertainment what it lacks in drama.

CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES—(Wanger-Paramount)—In a mystery story that begins where most others end—after the murder trial—Madeleine Carroll launches her career with Producer Walter Wanger in a most promising manner. It should surprise no one to find her soon a top notch box office star. Miss Carroll personally defeats murder charges against her, then sets out to convince the doubtful persons of her utter innocence in the death of her husband. She hires ex-prosecuting attorney George Brent to try and prove her guilty. The result is deep mystery plus excellent work by both. It is perhaps Brent's best rôle to date, full of humor and action. Other good performers: Alan Baxter as the reporter, Edward Brophy, realistic news cameraman; Arthur Treacher, faultless butler; Beulah Bondi, heartless grandmother, and Alan Mowbray, attorney.

[*Continued on page* 52]

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EYEWITNESS PHOTOS

by
CHARLES RHODES



No one ever looked more proud of her boy friend than Irene Hervey when she emerged from the preview of *Showboat* with Allan Jones



Concert season in Hollywood found many stars in attendance. I snapped this shot of Luise Rainer, who arrived at the affair with William Wyler



Arriving at a gala Hollywood party, Myrna Loy displayed her smart evening gown as her escort, Arthur Hornblow, prepared to doff hat and coat



Preview night, and again Gene Raymond appeared with lovely Jeanette MacDonald. Still, they're only good friends as far as anyone knows



Bob Taylor—who incidentally once squired Irene Hervey, is shown here with Frances Nalle, pretty Texas girl, one of seven Search for Talent winners feted by all Hollywood



Joan Bennett, hostess at the latest Mayfair party, sat with Joan Crawford during the dinner. I never found a more brilliant array of stars than here



Stopping in at the West End Tennis Club, I took this candid shot of James Stewart, Betty Furness and Henry Fonda

Why Ginger Rogers' Marriage Failed!

STARS HAVE PLAYED a momentous part in the ill-fated matrimonial voyage of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. They met and fell in love on a night when our own earthly star was in a state of uproar—March 10, 1933—earthquake night for Hollywood.

They set their wedding date by the stars. Lew, an astrologist, sought the propitious moment for their marriage and managed to arrange his own production schedule that the marriage might be consummated on the "lucky" day.

And the stars, in a way, smashed this rich romance that made Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres plight their troth.

From the autumn of 1934 until now these two young people, each in the midst of important careers, tried hard to find the common denominator that would keep their marriage sacred and happy. Like many another Hollywood couple, their quest was in vain. In the words of Ginger's favorite song they have had to face the music, but Ginger's eyes don't dance. . . .

For the present Ginger will live with her mother. They have taken a place during the warm summer months down by the beach, and it is not a dramatization to say that here, along the waters of the Pacific, Ginger will try to forget.

● NO ONE QUESTIONS the statement that Ginger loved Lew Ayres devotedly when they were married. Down in her heart she had not the slightest doubt their marriage would succeed. It wasn't a runaway affair. Calmly these two considered their careers, their interests, their philosophies. They became thoroughly acquainted with each other's thoughts and idiosyncrasies. But they didn't realize that Hollywood could get them, just as it had gotten Lew in his previous marriage, and gotten many another couple who had found love on the altar of stardom.

On the day they were to get their marriage license they waited an hour for each other at "the drug store on the corner," only to ultimately learn that two stores stood opposite each other, and each had the wrong idea which store was the rendezvous!

On their wedding day Lew wore a top hat—something unusual indeed for him. Just before he entered the chapel, and in front of dozens of fans, he knocked his hat off and had to chase it down the hill. He rushed back puffing, but grinning like the youngster that he was.

● THERE IS AN INTERESTING thing Ginger tells about the marriage day—an incident which reveals the fundamental difference in temperament that these two personalities had to face. Ginger was en route to the chapel with her cousin, Phyllis Fraser. She was nervous, chattery and "feeling sort of funny" inside. Just before they reached their destination, Ginger looked out to see Lew and his best man, parked in an open car and munching hamburgers alongside a lunch stand! There was no doubt that Lew was as serene and unworried a man as ever lived—and he remained that way until he knocked his silk topper down the hill!





Alive for the sheer joy of living, Ginger Rogers is by nature an extrovert. In this respect she differs sharply from Husband Lew Ayres

A photo that tells a story . . . in this picture you can see the difference in temperament between man and wife. Lew is very serious



The wedding day—selected by the stars yet not the propitious time. Lew and Ginger cut the cake with attendants looking on. Ginger's maid of honor, at her left, was her cousin, Phyllis Fraser. Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian were bridesmaids

Ginger told this incident as something funny to be remembered afterward. But if we stop to analyze the meaning behind the incident, we find one of the most obvious reasons why their marriage couldn't succeed.

You never met a more happy, cheerful soul than Ginger Rogers. She is literally in love with life, and she loves to live. She is a most positive extrovert, interested in what people do more than why they do it. Because she finds so much happiness in life, she cannot understand why others fail in this important quest. At home she reads good literature when she does read.

Physically she is wiry, slender and strong. By medical standards she is sharply underweight, but in her presence one realizes that her body is dynamic and that she is abundant in energy. Nevertheless, it is natural that after a hard day's work at the studio, she should go home physically tired and want nothing more than quiet, understanding companionship.

In contrast to her one finds Lew growing more and more an introvert, matured far beyond his appearance. Fundamentally, he has a philosophic mind. He studies the *why* of a thing rather than

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HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

Showboat's Pilot



Charles Winninger

● IT IS ALWAYS interesting to watch a film player at a preview of his own picture; he usually affects an inscrutable mask but you can bet your mohair sofa that he's listening with twitching ears for every audience reaction.

At *Showboat's* preview, Charles Winninger, the gray-haired Captain Andy, entered alone, sat well down in front just ahead of retiring Producer Carl Laemmle. All through the picture Winninger stared at his likeness, never gave any indication he heard the audience's frequent oh's and ah's of admiration.

The preview over, he slipped up the aisle quietly, walked over to fat, affable negress Hattie McDaniels who has a splendid rôle in the film, and congratulated her audibly. Hattie beamed, Winninger smiled. Then he eased out the door.

You'll be wanting to know something about Charles Winninger after you see him in *Showboat* with Irene Dunne. Born 52 years ago near Athens, Wis., Winninger grew up in theatrical circles. As a baby he slept in a buffalo robe while papa Winninger emoted on the stage a few feet away. In 1893, while Chicago celebrated with its World Fair, the Winninger family went en masse on tour. That started son Charles on the way to fame.

In 1900 he appeared in *Showboat.* Following years had him whirligiging about the country. He made his first movie in 1915 after being screen tested in a vaudeville act. No particular hit, he returned to the east. He was Captain Andy in New York's 1927-'29 version of *Showboat,* and is known to millions as Captain Henry of the radio program.

Deadly Face



Alan Baxter

● FOR YEARS THE proper sort of screen villain was a mature, treacherous looking gent of the world. Perhaps Producer Walter Wanger, meditating on such notorious names as "Pretty Boy" Floyd and "Baby Face" Nelson, realized that the screen should have their counterpart. Or perhaps for another reason entirely he selected Alan Baxter as his Screen Enemy No. 1.

In any event, boyish looking Baxter has made such a hit with his menacing that we're forced to delve into his actual past, which is not at all shady.

Although he made his first appearance on the screen less than six months ago, Baxter already seems to have done a pretty good job of capturing the hearts and smiles of girls throughout the nation.

However, if you were to meet Alan you would be due for quite a surprise. At least that's what his bride of a few weeks says. In real life he's not at all what you have seen on the screen. Away from the camera his steel grey eyes develop considerable warmth; his grim smile becomes cheerfully boyish; his short, clipped words lengthen into a drawl.

Perhaps Baxter's screen traits—or rather we should say those exhibited so far—are an outgrowth of his boyhood ambition. Although his father, vice-president of one of Cleveland's largest banks, planned a banking career for him, Alan insisted that he wanted to go west and become a "bad man."

Naturally he got over that idea—but not quite entirely—went to college and won high honors. He graduated from Williams College in 1930, after enjoying an active four years during which he was star of the campus "Little Theatre" group, editor-in-chief of the humor magazine.

But he didn't become a banker. After graduating from Williams, he enrolled in Professor Baker's dramatic class at Yale. After completing a year's study, he joined the New York Theatre Guild. He stayed with the Guild one year and the following year appeared on Broadway in *Men In White.* That started his era of prominence that reached its peak when he played a leading rôle in *The Black Pit* last year.

Wanger, always ready to take a chance on new talent and believing Baxter must have something to excite so many persons, negotiated a contract via long distance.

Two months later the actor arrived in Hollywood, not knowing he was about to realize his almost-forgotten boyhood ambition. That, however, was the fate in store for him.

His first assignment was the rôle of a gangster chief opposite Sylvia Sidney in *Mary Burns, Fugitive.* Scarcely was the picture released than critics began to acclaim filmdom's new "find."

Following his first hit, Alan drew the rôle of a mountain feudist in the all color production, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* Then came more gangster parts with Joan Bennett in *13 Hours by Air* and *Big Brown Eyes.*

● HOWEVER, instead of permitting him to sink too deep in this channel, Wanger suddenly transformed him into an upright and honest newspaper reporter in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames.*

And now that he has mastered the technique of screen acting, Alan is ready for the bigger rôles.



Virginia Bruce's striking beauty brings her more and more into the public eye. Consistently good performances in recent pictures puts her close to the goal of stardom

Hersholt's Confession



Jean Hersholt

● JEAN HERSHOLT'S rôle in *The Country Doctor* probably has done more for him than any other single effort in his career, yet the amazing truth is that he almost passed up the biggest chance ever offered him.

We were talking with Mr. Hersholt recently and began asking him questions about the rôle. He surprised us by saying, "You would bring that up just when I'm doing my darn'dest to forget it."

And then we learned an amazing story. Hersholt was just finishing a picture at Metro, his home studio. Elatedly he looked forward to a much needed three weeks' vacation. Just as the last scene was recorded, the casting director walked up and told him to run over to 20th Century for an interview at once.

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Margaret Sullavan: An Armbreaking Interview



WE HAVE BEEN intending for a long time to have a heart to heart talk with Margaret Sullavan, whose delightful madness makes *The Moon's Our Home* one of the more appealing pictures of the season. And by that we do not intend to slight Henry Fonda, her ex-husband, who played brilliantly the leading male rôle. This simply isn't Henry's story.

As a matter of fact, we should like to have discussed this Fonda business with Miss Sullavan, but by the time we had finished our interview with her, it seemed wise and proper we rather ignore the ex-husband business, and the current rumor that Henry is still very madly in love with our fair star.

Margaret's sudden separation from William Wyler, whom she married after she and Henry decided it was no go, probably has had a lot to do with current gossip. In any case you can safely wager your mortgaged home Margaret simply won't talk about such things.

We waited for an auspicious moment to approach irrepressible Margaret, decided that the present time was logical and safe. You see, she is carrying around a broken arm in a sling, the result of some tomfoolery on the set and a stubbed toe.

● IT WOULDN'T BE MARGARET SULLAVAN if the broken arm mended without incident. And of course, it hasn't. For instance, the doctor has just finished lecturing her regarding a narrow escape at a preview a few nights ago. Margaret insisted on attending the affair despite her arm-in-sling condition. Regardless of all precautions, she was jostled around by the crowd. Result: the cast was broken but her injured arm escaped with only minor damage. She is behaving herself in slightly better fashion now.

Incidentally, her injury completely stopped production on *I Loved a Soldier*, a sort of jinx picture ever since its first version in 1926. At that time Pola Negri starred in the film, under the title of *Hotel Imperial*. In the middle of production Rudolph Valentino died; Pola fled the set and rushed east to his bier. Then, a few months ago, Marlene Dietrich began doing the new version, walked out on the studio after two weeks of shooting. Margaret's arm break completed—we hope—the cycle of ill luck.

● AND SO IT CAME TO US that this, of all times, was the proper occasion to face the unpredictable Margaret Sullavan, the lady who was known as death to interviewers.

We mentioned this latter fact to her as we sat down—and promptly started her off on a discourse that never once mentioned Henry Fonda. Just why, you shall see!

"Hollywood people come under two main categories," Miss Sullavan began.



—*Rhodes Photo*

Before—and after. Miss Sullavan is pictured in the top photo with her ex-husband, Henry Fonda, as she looked before the disastrous spill. Below she's shown with Fonda and Margaret Hamilton, both of whom appeared with her in *The Moon's Our Home*. The game arm is conspicuous

"Those who are meek as angels, the elect class, and then the other extreme, those who think enough of themselves to fight for principles. The last are considered hard to handle.

"For two years I have occupied a place in this second group—a person presumably difficult to fit into the well-cut grooves of the film business. Now I don't know whether to accept this classification as a compliment or as a knock, and frankly I'm not worried. My personal philosophy is to enjoy whatever life has in store for me. If someone hands you a lemon, rejoice and make lemonade. Isn't this an easy way to soften most difficulties?

"As a consequence, I don't take my reputation seriously. And I say that realizing that perhaps I am hard to handle.

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Palm Springs—and Shirley Temple is about to catch the big ball, but—



There's many a slip, and this looks like a neat one for Shirley! It's true that



Whatever goes up comes down, and here's our favorite star surveying the ruins!

—*Photostory by Charles Rhodes*

Morris Plan



Principals in a new Columbia film, Chester Morris and Margot Grahame, above, strike a dramatic pose. Right, Morris goes riding with Managing Editor, Jack Smalley



By All Odds the most humanly interesting phase of a star's life in pictures—next to his love life—is the state of his finances.

But it whets our curiosity to discover that this line of inquiry is taboo. For one reason or another, no star, male or female, cares to discuss money. It is assumed to be a necessary evil, and where it comes from or where it goes is one of those things you don't even whisper about.

Without breaking any customs or Hays office laws, however, we sat down one afternoon with Chester Morris and talked cold turkey about the cost of stardom. Chester is an ideal subject, too, for such a discussion. He has an assured place in the studios and in the affections of his following. He ranks high at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which boasts more stars than there are in the heavens. But even more important, he has a level head and the real spirit of democracy that goes with it.

Chet lives according to his own Morris Plan. He therefore knows where his money goes, which is indeed exceptional in Hollywood. And since he is neither a No. 1 box office star, nor yet a climber, but has found a secure niche well toward the top of his profession, he may be compared with a doctor or lawyer or other professional men whose income runs into four figures a week. Oh, yes, there are some professional men who earn that!

We Had Come In From a ride through the back alleys of Beverly Hills, cantering up to Coldwater Canyon and around to his house. On the way we noted the washing in the various stars' back yards, to keep abreast of the fashions and other developments which a washing so unerringly reveals.

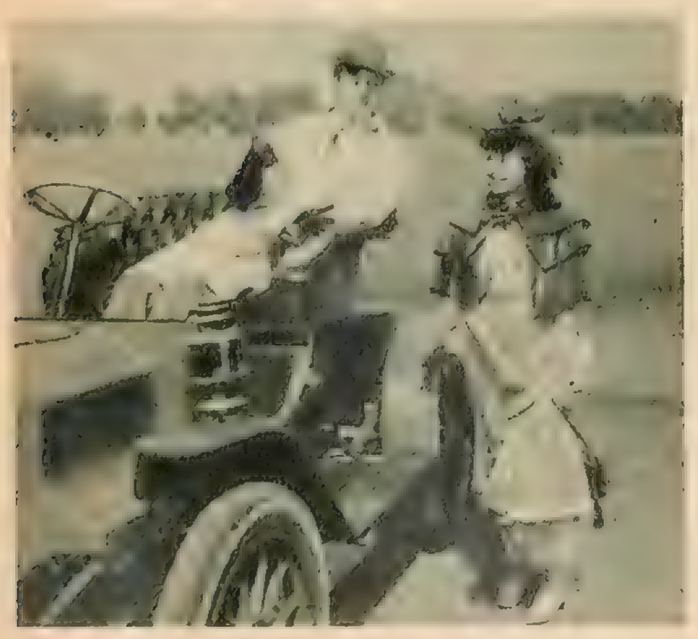
Then we sat down to figure what it costs to follow the profession of movie acting, and how this compares with other professions.

First of all, Chester Morris has a valet, who gets $25 a week.

Sounds like an extravagant beginning, but wait. The valet is also his trainer, usually his chauffeur, and invariably his stand-in. A studio must hire a stand-in for a star when he makes a picture. Usually the stand-in gets $35 a week for this service, and since Chet works almost week in, week out, it stands to reason that most of the time the studio is paying for his valet. A renowned surgeon, let's say, would have to pay that much, with nothing saved when his valet is a stand-in.

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Taken for a Ride « « « « « Ann Rutherford, Eddie Nugent



Says Eddie Nugent to Ann Rutherford in this scene from Republic's *The Harvester*, "Let's go for a ride!" So—



Properly lured into this speedy machine, poor Ann is menaced by the daring villain, who soons finds the car is stalled, and



Threatens to get fresh. Ann might have had to walk home, but after all, it was only a movie and the director said, "Cut!"

Freddie Bartholomew: "Hell awaits the liar . . ."

SOFT SPOKEN WORDS of a silvery haired attorney, breaking through a welter of courtroom arguments, have cleared the storm clouds over little Freddie Bartholomew's head. There will be other storms ahead, new attempts to take him from the legal custody of kindly Aunt Myllicent Bartholomew; but temporarily at least, a few soft words have made the future clearer for Freddie.

Norman A. Bailie, onetime president of Los Angeles' bar association and veteran of many years in courtroom tactics, stood before the judge of a Los Angeles superior court and uttered the words that swung the tide of battle away from Freddie's mother, Lillian Mae Bartholomew, who was seeking custody of the child she relinquished nine years ago in England.

Interrupting a verbal battle between attorneys for the two women, Bailie (who represented Freddie's father) brought a hushed silence where a moment before there had been turmoil.

"After all, we aren't concerned with this boy's mother, nor his father, nor his aunt," declared the attorney in a voice so low that the dozens of onlookers scarcely could hear. "We're concerned with the child himself. He has a career which must be protected. He has brought happiness to millions over the world, and a rich home life to himself and his aunt. I see nothing in the present situation which should be disturbed."

● A MURMUR OF COMMENT arose through the courtroom. Attorneys for the two women hastened to assure the court they maintained the same attitude. And suddenly, as quickly as the whole argument had arisen, the judge ruled that Freddie should remain with his aunt.

That is the courtroom story of Freddie Bartholomew's strange woes—a story stripped of all legal maneuvers and complications. Everyone from the judge on the bench to the dozens of women forming the audience felt that Freddie, had he been in court, would have preferred life with his aunt. And no one wished to see that wish defeated.

New complications appear certain, with further attempts to break the guardianship vested in the aunt. Developments have come so fast that perhaps even in the few days that have ensued since this was written, Freddie's custody will have been settled by the courts.

Once before Freddie was in court (October 22, 1935). For a few brief moments he was on the stand, and things happened like this:

"You know what it means to swear to tell the truth?" his aunt's attorney asked him. "Yes," replied Freddie. "It sort of means for a witness not to tell lies."

"And what happens to boys who tell lies?" the attorney persisted.

"They probably go to hell," Freddie candidly explained.

Whereupon Freddie told of a conversation in England between his grandparents and parents. In that discourse the parents mentioned his chances of coming to America and appearing in *David Copperfield*. This testimony by the young star had much to do with the decision to award guardianship to his aunt.

● NO EVERY DAY SORT of life has this child star led. At the age of three (in 1927) he was given to the care of his aunt in England by his parents. The next few years were the beginnings of his acting career. He did a few stage appearances, invariably charming his audiences. He sought work in the cinema, met many a disappointment before obtaining a few small rôles. But there was always Aunt Myllicent constantly beside him, encouraging him and guarding him zealously.

Then they came to the United States on vacation, with the consent of Freddie's parents. While here he was offered a chance to appear in *David Copperfield*. It looked like a golden opportunity, but child labor complications arose and the pair were ready to embark for England when things suddenly straightened out. Freddie and his aunt returned to Hollywood.

There is an interesting legend as to how Freddie finally and decisively won the Copperfield rôle.

When Producer David O. Selznick opened his door one morning, there in the anteroom stood Freddie, all in the costume of Dickens' period, a perfect picture of a boy living a hundred years ago.

Freddie doffed his beaver hat to Selznick.

"I am David Copperfield, sir," he said simply.

Selznick, the legend goes, gasped in amazement. Then he pulled little Freddie into his arms.

"Right you are, my boy," he said. "You *are* David Copperfield!"

Freddie followed this rôle with parts in *Anna Karenina* and *Professional Soldier*.

● MEANTIME FREDDIE AND Aunt Myllicent had developed as close a family love as any mother and child normally would have. Never one to spoil a youngster, Myllicent Bartholomew has always insisted that Freddie watch his manners, be something of the young gentleman he

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"I do so love to ride horseback," Freddie exclaims. Zane Grey and Dickens are his favorite authors . . . He'd like to own a ranch



At the age of five . . . he made audiences cheer when he stood before them silver-tongued and began his professional career



Guardian Myllicent Bartholomew, Teacher Mary Murphy, and Freddie, who likes to carve on furniture . . .

Hollywood Has Gone to the Cats!

WE WERE READING a newspaper while waiting for Glenda Farrell in the front room of her home. On the classified ad page something caught our eyes. It read like this:

FOR SALE

Siamese cats, six months old. Guaranteed to do eighteen tricks. Phone HOllywood 44867.

The advertisement would have had no particular significance if we had not heard a stealthy step behind us. We were positive it wasn't human. It gave us a shiver or two. Then suddenly, on the order of a javelin in speed, something flashed past us, then landed on all fours in our lap.

That was our personal introduction to a Siamese cat, and if Glenda's tawny, foxy-like feline was any criterion, eighteen tricks was a distinctly pessimistic viewpoint.

Out of the bluest eyes we have ever beheld in an animal the cat—he was really only a kitten—stared at us with a curious, fixed expression. We stared back, still a little too startled by his unexpected appearance, not at all sure what we should do about it. One thing was obvious: the cat had every intention of remaining exactly where he was. It also seemed obvious that we were not to dispute his decision.



Here's Glenda Farrell with her first "holy terror"—Siamese cats were raised by priests in the Orient. The cat had cross-eyes, but refused to wear corrective spectacles for any prolonged length of time

● AT THAT MOMENT you couldn't have convinced us Siamese cats were affectionate, lovable creatures, as reputed to be. All we were conscious of was a lithe, sinewy body; a narrow face with grim mouth and piercing eyes. In both form and features, he seemed to bear a far greater resemblance to the jungle tiger than to our gentle-faced, white Persian tabby at home. Under the spell of those eyes, we admit—shamefacedly—we were scared!

Still perched in our lap and apparently tired of merely staring, the cat began to chatter in a shrill, throaty voice. The curious tones carried both anger and offense, obviously directed at us. Even if you've never had a feline pet of any kind, you would recognize the "emotions" a Siamese expresses in his conversation.

As Glenda Farrell later described it, "They only 'meow'—but when they intend to display affection, it's a slow, soft meow. But when they're angry or want something, they 'talk' incessantly in fast, guttural tones."

In the midst of this unending tirade, there was a quick step, and Glenda herself came in.

"Oh, hello," she laughed. "I see you've met Tacky. Tacky"—turning to the pet, "down! And stop scolding." But no mere words, not even from the mistress he adores, could appease his wrath. Finally, Glenda apologetically asked if we would give up our chair in favor of the cat.

"The one you've chosen," she chuckled, "is Tacky's favorite—because it's the softest in the room!"

Which was how we learned that love of luxury is part and parcel of a Siamese's nature.

After we vacated his chair, Tacky jumped to the floor with the swift glide of a panther, and leaped over the back onto the seat! A strange way, we thought, of getting into a chair.

"Why does he leap over the back, when it would be simpler to jump into the seat from the front?" we questioned Glenda.

"Oh, they all do that. Siamese cats always do things the hardest way. High leaps are no feat for them. They can jump ten times their height without effort." (This is fact, not estimate.)

● WHEN SHE ACQUIRED her first Siamese cats, romantically named "Frankie" and "Johnny," she went on, their favorite sleeping places were the rods above her window curtains. They would leap that distance from the floor as easily as we climb into our beds.

"Frankie" and "Johnny" made history in Hollywood, the latter by suddenly disappearing from home, leaving no trace of his destination behind him, the former by acquiring spectacles for his crossed eyes. Afflicted with poor vision from birth, she presented an amusing, pathetic picture as she bumped into articles of furniture. But rather than wear her spectacles, specially made for her and held in place by a copper wire frame with a collar, "Frankie" stoically prefers barking her feline shins against any impediments in her path!

She and her mate were sent to Glenda by a friend from New York about two years ago. After "Johnny's" disappearance, Tacky—named for Phya Tak, a Siamese king—joined the household, being a Christmas gift from Glenda's father and cousin. But with strange animal perversity, "Frankie" would have nothing to do with the new arrival, whom she considered an interloper.

So, to avoid trouble, she was given to Miss Farrell's father. Having always revealed a fondness for Mr. Farrell, the cat is happy in her new home, and likes nothing better than to "converse" with him and watch him go through the procedure of shaving.

● TACKY DOESN'T OBJECT to the presence of other pets in the household. There's "Annie," a white Persian cat, whom he even condescends to wrestle with occasionally, and "Heinzie," a mongrel pup whose tail he enjoys tugging. But let other dogs approach the place, and Tacky will give spirited chase. The exception was a tiny chihuahua, visiting the house with a friend of Glenda's one day. Tacky not only permitted her presence with grace, but even went so far as to play up to her.

Tacky's best pal, however, is Theresa, the housekeeper.

"He fell in love with Theresa the moment he became a member of the family," Glenda told me. "He likes me, too, especially when I feed him."



Ian Hunter's Siamese is an affectionate fellow. But there's no end to his mischief, and no estimating what the damage will be. Such cats are like that—very exciting pals

As if to confirm her assertion, Tacky dislodged himself from her shoulder, dropped to her lap, and burying his head under chin, purred loudly.

"But," Glenda went on, "he makes no secret of his favoritism for Theresa. He follows her about, tugging at her skirts like a baby, until she picks him up. He adores watching her cook, make beds, or sew. When she sews, he upsets everything, getting pins in his mouth, entangling spools of thread, tearing patterns to shreds! Since he's fond of tearing paper, Theresa now provides him with sheets of

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How Grace Moore Looks To a Home Town Girl

by VIRGINIA CHUMLEY



It was quite a few years ago when these little Chattanoogans had this picture taken on an exciting Sunday afternoon. You won't recognize her, but the first youngster is none other than Grace Moore!

IF YOU'D SAT through Grace Moore's *One Night of Love* and *Love Me Forever* about twenty times each (as you probably did and, incidentally, what about the woman in London who saw *One Night of Love* seventy times and had her ticket stubs to prove it!) then you could probably appreciate how I felt one morning.

I stood ringing the bell of the big house which prima donna Grace and her husband, Valentin Parera, have taken. And while I stood there, the sound of music floated out from somewhere inside the house to my thrilled ears. Thrilled? Well, I just guess! Grace Moore was singing. And hearing those birdlike notes for the first time "in person," so to speak, isn't anything to breathe about normally. I recognized the song as one from Grace's new picture, *The King Steps Out*.

● I HAD COME A LONG way to pay this call. In fact, I had come all the way from Chattanooga, Tennessee—Grace Moore's own home town. Strange as the thought may seem, if Grace hadn't flown the family nest when she was about sixteen to become a great singer, today she might be living in this Tennessee town, herself. Her father, a prominent southern merchandiser, bought one of the largest department stores there a few years ago. So her mama, papa and one of her brothers are now numbered among Chattanooga's leading citizens.

● WHEN THE PEOPLE IN CHATTANOOGA heard I was traveling over the country, about fifty million of 'em (and fifty million 'Noogans, if you'll pardon a slight exaggeration, can't be wrong) called up to say, "Oh, you *must* see Grace Moore if you can catch up with her."



Lovely to look at! Grace Moore wears this gown in her newest Columbia picture, *The King Steps Out*

Even Grace's own family all had their special little messages for me to give her. Incidentally, Mrs. Moore, who is one of the sweetest, most natural persons you ever met, mentioned something especially interesting to me just before I left.

"The whole time just before Grace was born was rather lonesome for me," she said. "Mr. Moore and I had just moved to Jellico, Tennessee, and I didn't know many people there then. So to amuse myself, I sang. I'd sing at my housework and then I'd keep on singing when I was through. I guess I went through that same thing every day for months. No, I didn't do it for any particular reason and, of course, I don't think that just because a mother sings before her child is born the child will become an opera star or musician or such. Singing just happened to keep me cheerful and happy."

So now—if you want to get in the proper atmosphere of this story—try to imagine the timid little home town gal standing on the doorstep of one who has been honored by royalty, won the highest Academy awards, etc., etc. (And that'll bring us back to where we started this story in the first place.)

Well, next thing I knew, there I was sitting on a sink-way-down-y sofa in the very liviest living room imaginable. "Miss Moore would be right in."

● GOLLY-GEE, WASN'T THIS going to be something to tell the fans back home. And whatever was I going to say to this world-famous world-charmer when she did appear?

"Oh, my dear, I'm so glad to see you!" The words tinkled in from the living room doorway.

Then Grace Moore was there and nothing else mattered. That's the kind of magic the Moore personality works.

She had on the most ravishing hostess gown you ever laid eyes on. It was of a shade somewhere between watermelon and old rose color. All flowing and vibrant and making her soft bobbed hair more golden than ever.

She settled her sweeping skirt on the sofa beside me and smiled in that same way she does on the screen—you know, the kind that makes leading men lose their hearts, shirts, etc.—.

There never was a more animated talker than Grace Moore. Why, as somebody or other remarked once, she could carry on a brilliant conversation with a wooden Indian.

"I've had the most dreadful cold," she confided. "That's why I'm dressed this way. They've been trying to keep me in bed. They keep me locked up." She shook her head despairingly, but her eyes were full of mischief. "They keep me locked up all the time—when I'm singing so that I won't talk to so many people and wear myself out having a good time, and when I'm ill so that I will hurry and get well."

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Mrs. O'Leary's cow started the Chicago fire, and this bovine was the cause of the latest big flareup! Because Grace Moore had to milk the cow all day while singing before the camera, the diva threatened to abandon Hollywood forever. She has changed her mind by now, 'tis said

BEHIND THE SCENES

How a Casting Director Gets His Star!

All The Roles but one in Shirley Temple's *Bright Eyes* had been filled. There remained only the selection of The Brat, Shirley's nemesis in the story, before the picture could go into production.

In the office of Producer Sol Wurtzel, Director David Butler and Casting Director James Ryan sat closeted with their chief. Two days now had passed without so much as one satisfactory candidate being suggested for the part.

"She must be a year or so older than Shirley," Butler repeated wearily, for the fiftieth time. "She must be larger and so convincing as the brat that the public won't be conscious even for a second that she's acting."

The group adjourned, and Butler went into a story conference, while Ryan returned to his office.

Several days rolled by without an inspiration in Ryan's fertile brain. He combed his files containing every child actress in Hollywood and sent out word for talented unknowns. On the afternoon of the third day, his secretary phoned in to him.

"There's a lady with her little girl waiting to see you," she announced. "She might fit the part we're looking for."

● Ushered Into His Office, the child immediately intrigued the fancy of the casting director. Yes, she had had practical experience, both in pictures, on the stage and over the radio. She was the right age and the correct height. And she looked the part. Taking her by the hand, Ryan hastily broke in upon Butler, and left her with the director.



Harriet Hilliard was nailed by a talent scout. She proved a real hit in *Follow the Fleet*

An hour later, as he emerged from his office, he found mother and daughter in his waiting room.

"Jane would like to show you several of her impersonations if you can spare a few minutes," the mother halted him. Realizing the futility of refusing the demands of a determined parent, Ryan complied.

Following the young one's "take-off" on ZaSu Pitts, Greta Garbo, Maurice Chevalier and others, he asked:



Jane Withers . . . being a brat meant fame . . .

"Did Mr. Butler see these impersonations?"

"No," came the reply. "He just looked at Jane and took her name."

"Come on, then," Ryan shouted, and fairly ran to Butler's office again. Once inside, he commanded, "Go ahead."

"The part's hers," the director exclaimed, five minutes later, after many a chuckle. "She's wonderful." He drew Ryan aside. "Sign her up, quick."

That is how Jane Withers, now one of the outstanding juvenile favorites on the screen, was discovered . . . and illustrates how characters in a film sometimes are cast.

● Perhaps No Other Aspect of motion pictures holds more mystery for the layman than the subject of casting. To the average theatre-goer, it merely signifies the choosing of actors and actresses to portray the various rôles in a screen play, or picture . . . without carrying a realization of the many perplexing problems that confront the casting director on every side in his search for talent. Actually, casting constitutes one of the most vital and complicated phases in picture-making, tied up as it is with the discovery of new personalities and new faces.

Where the selection of Jane Withers for the part of The Brat required a number of days to locate a child who would adequately fit the rôle, ordinarily the casting director is called upon to suggest a player at a moment's notice. In his mind's eye, he must visualize between twenty and twenty-five hundred different faces, and memorize their names, their physical descriptions, salary and at least two pictures in which they have appeared.

● Time And Again He's called upon to perform feats of mental gymnastics that would be positively amazing to the common man. Almost out of thin air he must be able to produce the proper person to enact any part, irrespective of type, and not infrequently this individual is one who has never appeared on the screen. Without his expert assistance, no film could be perfectly cast, for no other in the studio possesses his unique knowledge of actors and their peculiar attainments.

By far the most difficult task in casting lies in the choice of the important figures in the screen story. The perplexities confronting the casting director here seemingly are without end, for new situations arise daily.

A leading lady may not do her best work opposite a certain male star . . . they simply do not "click" . . .

The one player best suited for a role may be under contract to another studio, and may not be borrowed at any cost . . .

The very actor to undertake a character may be temperamentally unfit to work with the director, or vice versa . . .

He may decline to appear in the film because, even though his stipulated salary will be paid without question, he does not deem the part of sufficient worth for one of his standing . . .

He may be booked up for a number of pictures, which would not permit him accepting another assignment for at least six months . . .

His salary may be too high to meet the budget of the picture, and he may be appearing on the Broadway stage . . .

[*Continued on page* 68]



James Stewart's real rise started with Margaret Sullavan in *Next Time We Love*. The casting directors knew their man, gave him good breaks in succeeding rôles

When Illness Hits Hollywood

A Recruit Never had more grief getting into the army than he would crashing a good film rôle in some studios these suspicious days! A candidate for a substantial picture assignment hasn't a secret left by the time the doctors get through thumping his chest and double checking all accessories, with anything worse than pink tooth brush and athlete's foot receiving an official glare.

And there is a good enough reason. Stories of illness and death in Hollywood occasionally break into print, but few people realize that these items constitute one of the greatest unpredictable expenses the studios have to meet.

That's why Columbia studios, for instance, require a complete physical examination before actors are definitely assigned rôles in productions. And if there is one little sour "ah" in response to chest thumping, the victim isn't an actor, he's a patient!

● Accidents Cost Less than illness in Hollywood, but you never saw a town more careful than this one. For instance:

Shirley Temple was having her picture taken in natural color photography. She wanted to play with the cat that was wandering by. Mrs. Temple eyed the cat's sharp claws apprehensively, then succumbed to Shirley's pleading look.

Mrs. Temple apparently was paying no attention to Shirley and the cat, but that attitude was intended only for Shirley's benefit. Not only was Mother Temple keeping a sharp eye on the cat, but so was the big, good-natured chauffeur who never strays far from Shirley's side.

One flash of the claws could have cost the 20th Century-Fox thousands of dollars had those sharp instruments struck Shirley's face. It would have taken only one deep scratch to stop the cameras grinding on her new picture, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, and keep expensive supporting players awaiting her recovery.

So important is Shirley to the studio's treasury that she is insured for $2,000,000. Another good reason for the close guard kept over this precious child. (See Hollywood, April 1936.)

20th Century already has had one bitter blow from adversity. Besides losing one of its most beloved characters, the studio lost nearly 40 per cent of its annual profits when Will Rogers was killed in Alaska last year. And Shirley is even more valuable to the company!

● As A Matter Of Record, sickness and death cost the studios millions of dollars every year. Delays in production and rearrangement of film schedules are the most costly items. During the last year, such extra costs ran more than $4,000,000 in the industry in tangible costs. Countless other extra items could be charged off to this source of trouble, rocketing the total even further.

Illness affects practically every contract player sometime during the year. Experts estimate the average loss of time to be four days per person. Considering that filming costs run more than $1,000 per camera hour, it is easy to see how the total reaches unexpected heights in no time at all.

Insurance such as Shirley Temple's has cost the studios a terrific sum. United Artists had Merle Oberon insured. She became ill and delayed production on *These Three* for nearly a week, at a cost of $15,000 per day. Lloyd's, who issued the policy, had to take the rap after the initial $5,000 loss. But you can bet your hat Samuel Goldwyn paid a dear premium for this protection!

Probably no studio has been hit more than 20th Century by illness. For instance, when they cast *Under Two Flags*, Simone Simon, the French importation, was scheduled for the lead. Then she fell before a local influenza epidemic and was forced out of the picture. Darryl Zanuck sent a riot call to Paramount for Claudette Colbert to take the leading rôle. The arrangements were all made and the cameras were set up. Then Mr. Zanuck's phone rang one morning.

"Hello, Mr. Zanuck." He couldn't recognize the voice on the other end of the line. It was hoarse, shaky.

[*Continued on page* 69]



When 20th Century decided to film *Under Two Flags*, sleek Simone Simon was assigned the leading feminine rôle



This is how Simone looked in costume. She might have made a signal success—IF illness hadn't come her way



With Simone under the weather, 20th Century gave the rôle to Claudette Colbert, a box office cinch. Then Claudette fell ill . . .



Big-nosed W. C. Fields only recently was able to resume his career with the picture, *Poppy*. A long illness brought great losses to him and Paramount

PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHIES—JEAN HARLOW



Jean Carpenter, they called her in Kansas City. The Glamour wasn't very impressive



Jean Harlow, Hollywood's latest Cinderella. That's how they billed her for *Hell's Angels*



1931 . . . Jean looked like this as Fox prepared to offer the production, *Goldie*



Ah, this is beginning to look familiar! Jean acquired her first glamour with Caddo company



Sophistication—M-G-M's gift to Jean Harlow. Her glamour took on new depth, the toast of the fans



Dinner at Eight, Girl from Missouri, Reckless, China Seas—hit after hit

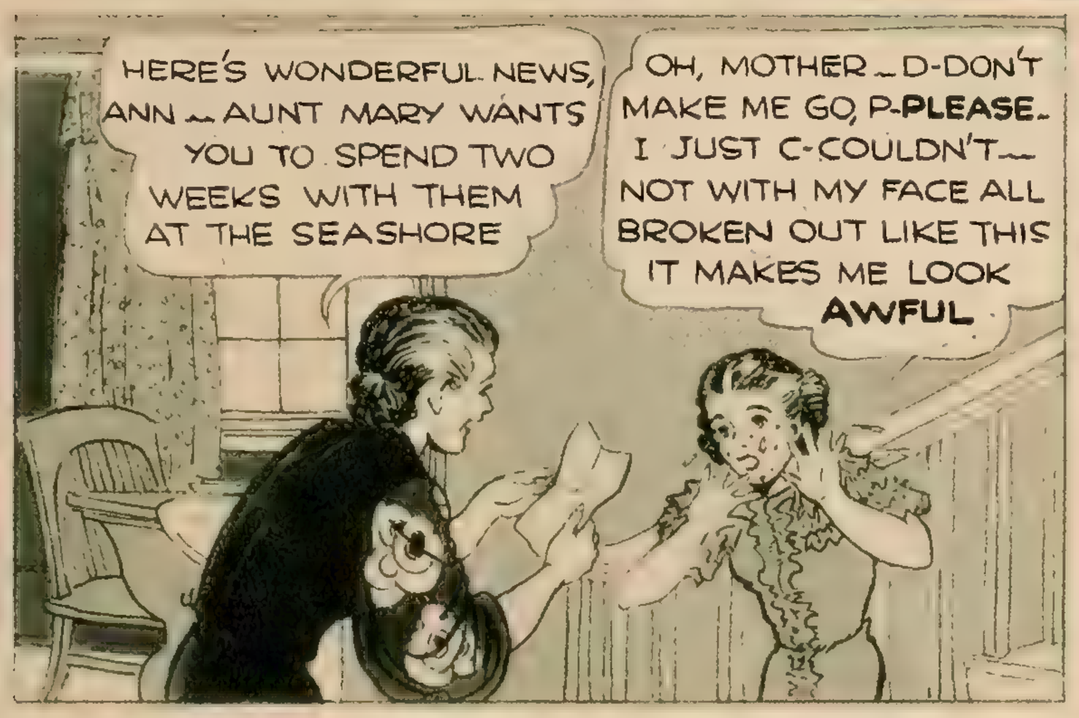


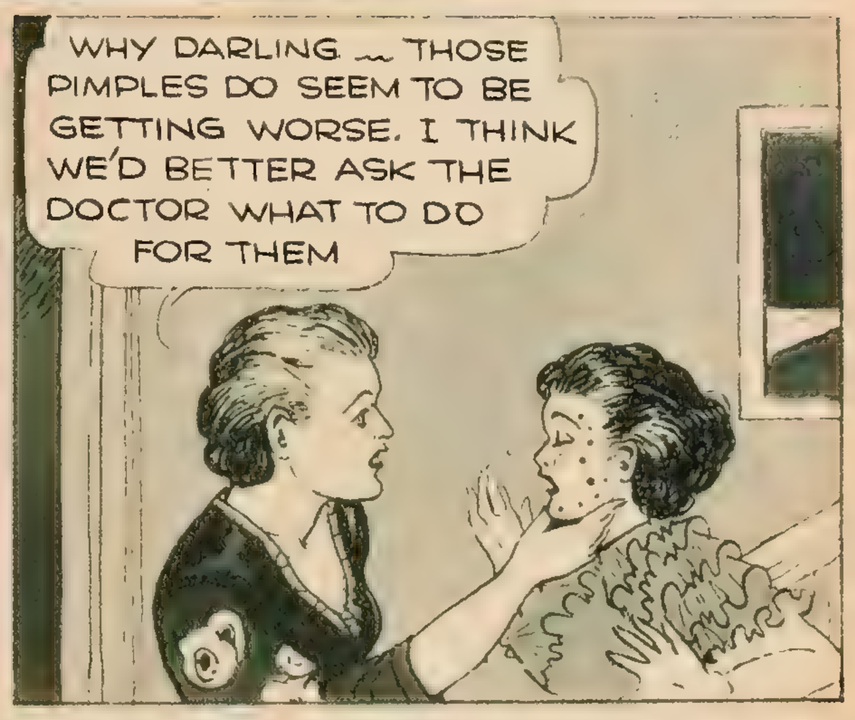
1936 . . . and a Harlow revolution! Gone the platinum blonde of old. High voltage eyes replace low cut gowns and the fans still cheer



I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE

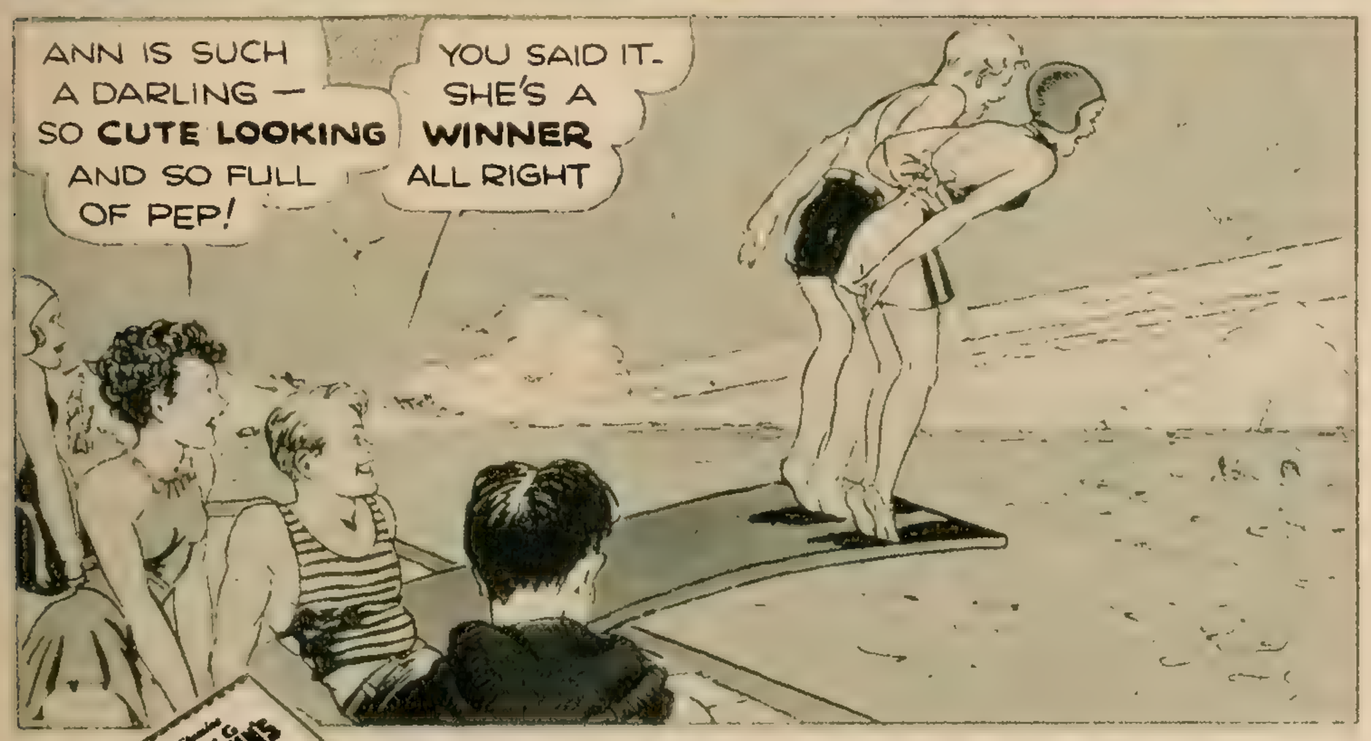
HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS











—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

How can *I* get a Wave like that?



THE LOVELY STAR, KATHLEEN BURKE

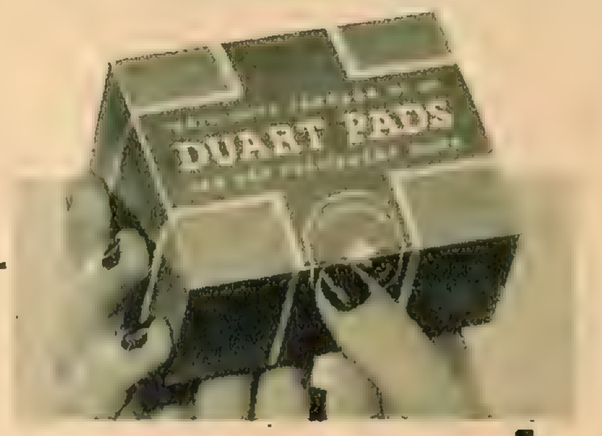
. . . . Thousands of women write to the Hollywood stars for *this* beauty advice. Always they receive the same answer, "After completely testing every known method of permanent waving, the Duart method has received the exclusive and official endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . nearly every star on the screen has her hair Duart Waved."

This same Duart wave is available in your own community for there is only one Duart wave . . . it is the same in every one of the 20,000 shops that feature it from coast to coast. To be sure you are getting the one and only genuine Duart wave, look for the sealed package of permanent waving Pads . . . your hairdresser will let you open them yourself . . . then you'll know your hair is to be waved with the same method that adds such glamour and soft, glowing charm to the lovely heads you see on the screen. **FREE BOOKLET** enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle exactly. Choose from page after page of Hollywood's newest coiffures styled by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

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Address.....

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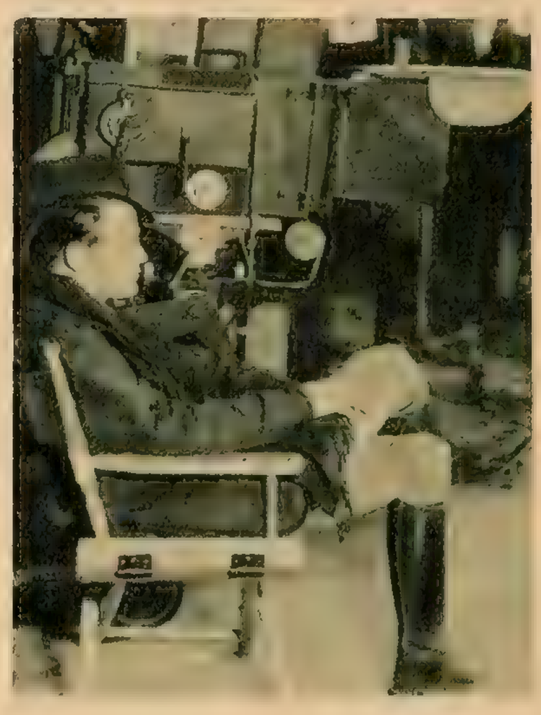
7

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Lew Ayres Gets a "Break"

It Has Always been an ambition of Lew Ayres to direct a picture. But once having done *All Quiet on the Western Front*, he never stood a chance of realizing his ambition—until he visited Republic Studio one day.

The studio was planning to do *When Hearts are Young*, a story of the Civil War, and particularly in regard to the first iron-clad battleships, the Merrimac and Monitor. The story idea appealed to Lew so much that he began a subtle campaign to win the directorship. Republic officials became interested in his enthusiasm, decided perhaps that here was the exact man for the job.



Seated in the director's chair for the first time, Lew Ayres is having a rare time at Republic studio

We walked on the set one day to see Lew at work, but couldn't find him. Finally his assistant pointed out a bearded man standing behind the camera. Only the nose seemed familiar—and it *was* our man!

Lew Ayres started something when he launched a beard contest among the technicians and grips. He was promptly challenged to join the race. So Lew felt his whiskers tentatively, decided his chances were about even with the others, and threw his razor to the winds. We might add that he lost to the head cameraman. Mae Clarke, who has a leading feminine rôle, was the chief judge.

To film this romantic film of the Civil War, it was necessary to reconstruct on actual scale the interiors of the famous boats Merrimac and Monitor. Twenty replicas of old time cannon were built and connected to fire simultaneously. Because of the danger, a single master fuse was carried by only one man, without it there was no possibility of firing the weapons.

Besides the menace of guns, everyone on the set had to be on guard against a running fire of gags by Jimmie Dunn, who has the principal male rôle. The day we were on the set Jimmie was eyeing the sky tentatively and planning an airplane flight down over the studios when the cameras would be grinding and the "silence" signs flicker.

"Imagine," says Jimmie mischievously, "how popular I'd be if I stopped all work for an hour. Think I'll have some Vote for Dunn for Governor signs printed up to toss out of the plane." Just about that moment Jimmie discovered he had the winning number on a punch board, and forgot all about his little scheme.

The battle between the iron clad boats forms a high spot in the story. Incidentally, research revealed that in a three hour fight these ineffective tubs still proved good enough to greatly reduce loss of life. Only ten per cent of the Merrimac's crew was killed, and not a single man lost his life on the Monitor.

Mae Clarke shares the romance interest with Dunn. Among the supporting cast are such performers as Henry Walthall, Fritz Leiber, J. M. Kerrigan, Irving Pichel and Frank McGlynn. Like all Ayres fans and friends, we're waiting to see what his first directorial job will be like. Republic is confident that Lew has a big career ahead in this new field.



Jimmie Dunn and Mae Clarke have the leading rôles in Ayres' picture, tentatively titled *When Hearts Are Young*

MILK
makes four star beauty news

By DORIS DUMONT

This new creme made from milk certainly is getting the big rave from Hollywood's beauty experts and the stars as well. In the dressing rooms and make-up departments at every studio the praises are the same. Nothing I could write here would convey one-tenth part of their enthusiasm so I'm going to publish answers to the four questions most frequently asked by my readers about the new Creme of Milk. Now for the questions:

"Is Creme of Milk really made from milk?"

I quote from a letter written to the makers of Creme of Milk by California's largest producers and sellers of dairy products, Golden State Co. Ltd. They say:

"The concentrated oils of pure, fresh, wholesome dairy milk, or dairy cream, furnished by us for inclusion in Creme of Milk, measure up to the highest quality standards of this Company for purity, freshness and wholesomeness."

"Does it nourish the skin?"

Because it is made from milk, Creme of Milk nourishes the skin in a very special way of its own. No other creme or beauty preparation of any kind has ever been able



Mrs. Pat O'Brien, charming wife of the famous Warner Bros. he-man star, says: "Creme of Milk is even more important to the society woman than to the screen star."



Marion Talley, Metropolitan Opera Star, now being featured on the NBC Network, says: "I've never used anything that made my skin feel and look as fresh and youthful."

to duplicate the beneficial effects of milk oils on the skin.

"How do you use Creme of Milk?"

Creme of Milk is much quicker and simpler to use than an ordinary face creme. The moment you spread it on you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Leave it but a minute or two, then wipe it off easily.

"Does it penetrate the skin?"

Creme of Milk penetrates the pores and skin tissues more deeply than any other creme known because milk oils are far more delicate and finely textured than the wax, mineral oil, lanolin and similar substances of which other cremes are made. For this reason it cleanses more thoroughly and more quickly.

Creme of Milk shipments were rushed to more than 5,000 stores last month and in California alone more than 100,000 women are already using it. Stores in your community may not have received their shipments yet, so I suggest you write me personally enclosing fifty cents for a regular size jar or one dollar for a large size jar of this thrilling new creme. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH *Milk!*



JOAN MARSH IN "DANCING FEET"

AMAZING NEW FACE CREME ACTUALLY MADE FROM RICH DAIRY MILK

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REPUBLIC PRODUCTION

Creme of Milk has new nourishing and cleansing qualities found in no other creme

Because it is made from milk, Duart's new beauty discovery, Creme of Milk, has special qualities that clear the skin with amazing speed. Hollywood stars and their cosmetic experts say that the Creme of Milk formula for extracting the vital beautifying oils from pure dairy milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery in twenty years.

If your complexion is not as soft, smooth and youthful as it should be—do as all Hollywood and thousands of women everywhere are doing now—change from your present cleansing methods and start using the thrilling new type creme—Creme of Milk.

See improvements first day

You will know Creme of Milk is different the very moment you spread it on . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Improvements that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads and other marks of a poor complexion go fast when the genuine milk-oils penetrate deep into the tissues, cleanse away all dirt and build up the supply of the natural youth-giving oils that feed and nourish the skin.

No other creme, lotion or soap can duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin and yet Creme of Milk costs no more than the most ordinary face cremes. Try it for 10c or order a regular size jar for 50c, large economy size $1. On sale at your favorite cosmetic counter.





LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it —every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

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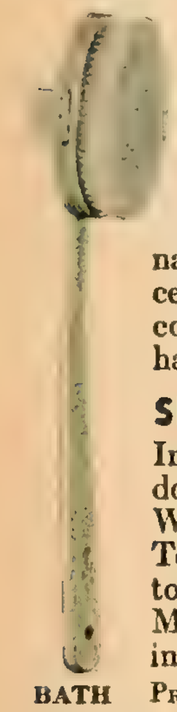
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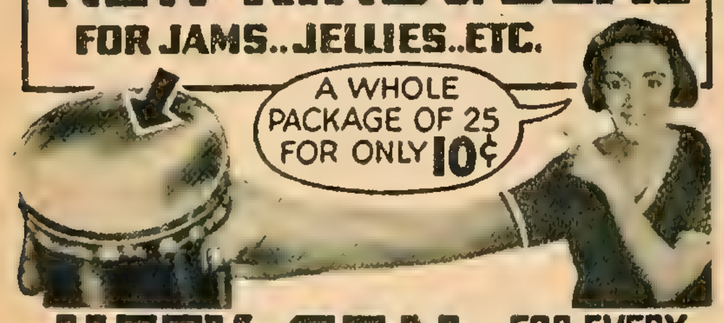
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BEACH FASHIONS

Modern Mermaids

Screen stars set the style pace for beach enthusiasts



Jinx Falkenberg, champion swimmer of Chile, romps on the beach in a smart white Gantner & Mattern bathing suit. An interesting feature are the adjustable straps





Two Warner Bros' stars, George Brent and Bette Davis, enjoy a tete-a-tete between scenes while on location filming *The Golden Arrow*. Brent is wearing white trunks designed by Catalina for swimming speed



Jane Hamilton, R. K. O. player, basking in the sun displays to advantage Catalina's brown and white checked swim suit contrasted with brown straps and tie. Ann Rutherford, Republic player, wears Jantzen's one piece model in bright blue.

"MAKE-UP MAGIC



Jeanne Earle

I learned from LORETTA YOUNG"

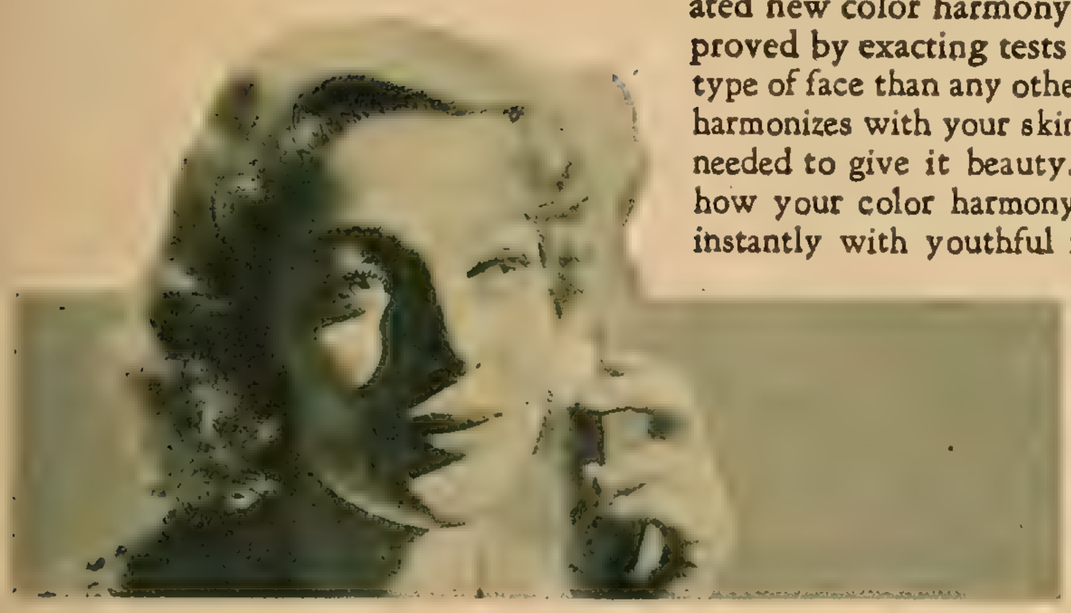


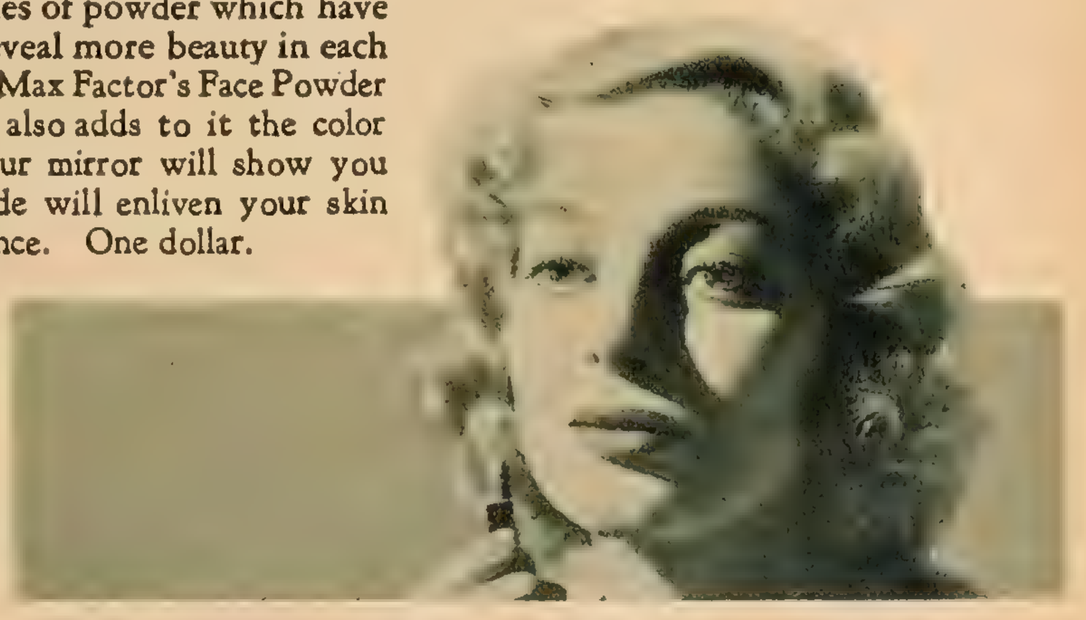
"SINCE I've been using the same make-up that Max Factor creates for Loretta Young and all the beautiful screen stars, all my friends say I look twice as attractive! Powder, rouge and lipstick in the color harmony shade for my type has made such a difference in my appearance—won't you tell other women about your wonderful secret, so that they may have beauty too?". . . *Jeanne Earle.*

Loretta Young
in
«PRIVATE NUMBER»
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

A New Idea in Powder

"USING screen stars as models," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has created new color harmony shades of powder which have proved by exacting tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others." Max Factor's Face Powder harmonizes with your skin and also adds to it the color needed to give it beauty. Your mirror will show you how your color harmony shade will enliven your skin instantly with youthful radiance. One dollar.





Rouge that Gives You New Beauty

"MAX FACTOR has created rouge in color harmony shades that give you new appealing loveliness," says Loretta Young. "The creamy-smooth texture blends easily, evenly, appears flawless even in a glaring light." If you want to see how lovely you can be, try this Hollywood secret — rouge in the color harmony shade for your type. Fifty cents.

Hollywood's New Lip Make-Up

"TO MAKE your lips more alluring," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor has created color harmony shades of lipstick which give you a charming, individual color." Max Factor's Lipstick lasts indefinitely because it is Super-Indelible, and may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips giving them an even, smooth make-up. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try the make-up secret of Loretta Young and other Hollywood stars — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

© 1936 *by Max Factor & Co.*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.
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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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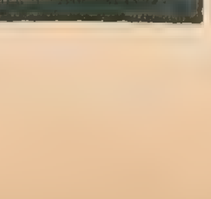
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Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," and full information as to how I can prepare myself for the opportunities in Stenotypy.

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Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

Slenderize With Salads

by Dorothy Dwan



Eat salads, advises June Travis, for a perfect figure and buoyant health!

"YOO-HOO, come over here," June Travis' voice invited. Mystified, I looked around and saw her peeping over a hedge.

"I'm taking my sun bath, but I'm almost through. Stay awhile, and we'll have lunch—or rather—a salad. Salads and dressings are my forte, so if you want anything else, you'll have to fix it, I'm afraid. Stoves and cooking are unexplored regions to me," the little starlet admitted.

"You hit the spot," I announced. "If you have mastered the art of appetizing dressings with that irresistible 'tang,' all you need to be popular in Hollywood, is a lettuce leaf!"

"Yes, I guess Hollywood has helped to popularize salads," June mused. "It seems all the film celebrities, even the men, practically exist on them. I suppose they feel just as I—may as well be healthy, or either reduce or keep the already perfect figure, at the same time. I have learned there is nothing more beneficial, and yet, non-fattening, than the vegetables or fruits used in a salad, and of course the olive oil and other ingredients in the dressings supply the necessary nourishment that will 'stick to your ribs.' "

June looked most attractive in her abbreviated shorts. Her skin has an oily, rich glow—not the dry, burned appearance so often seen. But there's no secret to it. From the first day she begins sunning, June massages a little olive oil into the exposed skin. It replaces the natural oils that the sun rays absorb, and a few days later, she has a smooth, golden tan.

Soon, June was in the throes of making one of her salad dressings. Here are a few recipes she gave me, which you *must* try.

ROQUEFORT FANTASTY LETTUCE SALAD

1 cup pure olive oil
⅓ to ½ cup tarragon vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon sugar
Garlic
¼ pound Roquefort cheese, crumbled
Head lettuce

Combine all dry ingredients in bowl. Rub bowl with cut garlic and allow it to remain in bowl until ready to serve. Add small amount of oil to dry ingredients and work until smooth, then add a tablespoon of vinegar and beat until smooth. Continue adding just a little vinegar and oil at a time until about half of each has been used. Balance may then be added more generously without risk of separating. Blend the mixture well and add Roquefort. Serve over chilled quarters of head lettuce.

SPRING SALAD

1½ pounds green asparagus, freshly cooked
2 hard cooked eggs
2 pimientos, cut in strips
2 large firm tomatoes
1 cucumber
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Small onion rings

DRESSING

½ cup olive oil
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
½ can tomato sauce
Lettuce

TRY THESE RECIPES

Solve the problem of unusual recipes by ordering the leaflets, personally autographed by the stars, which we have for you!

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Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
Heather Angel's Salads

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, *Hollywood* Magazine's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. NO LETTERS ANSWERED UNLESS A STAMPED AND SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!

To make dressing, place all dry ingredients together and add small amount of olive oil and blend well until smooth. Alternate oil and vinegar or lemon juice until mixture is thickened, then add tomato sauce. On a large platter, bordered with lettuce, place stalks of asparagus, three or four together, with heads pointing toward border. Arrange balance of asparagus in center with peeled and quartered tomatoes, cucumber slices, and quartered hard cooked eggs. Sprinkle with salt and a tiny bit of sugar and pepper. Pour dressing over all and garnish with pimientos, onion rings, and grated lemon rind.

Here is a novel dressing to use with any salad:

3 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
3 tablespoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons catsup
8 tablespoons olive oil
1 bay leaf
3 whole cloves
½ clove garlic
½ tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 hard boiled egg, chopped

Put salt and sugar in bowl. Add one tablespoon of oil and after combining vinegar and lemon juice, add one tablespoon of mixture and blend well. Continue adding oil and vinegar, one tablespoon at a time, until about four tablespoons of each have been used, then the balance may be added more generously. When mixture is well blended, add catsup and spices. After the mixture has stood for several hours, remove cloves, bay leaf, and garlic. Add chopped green pepper, pimiento and egg. When chilled, serve on salad.

Atlas, with the weight of the world on his shoulders, hasn't a thing on Hollywood! From all corners of the earth we hear of Hollywood fashions, hair styles, and cosmetics. Homes are copied—Iowa plays the same games. When slender figures became the rage, Hollywood sprang to the rescue, with diets galore for the waiting public. Today, we seldom read of the stars' new methods of reducing. Why? It's simple. They must have perfect figures *—and perfect health*—which eliminates strenuous diets. Profit by their discovery and reduce the popular way—with salads!

ATTENTION — LADIES! The Borden Company has a surprise for you

Not satisfied with constantly originating new recipes to be made with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, the Borden Company has inaugurated a premium offer of interest to everyone.

This Custard Pie Filling is one of our favorite recipes:

¾ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 eggs, well beaten
2¼ cups hot water
⅓ teaspoon salt
Pastry
Grating of nutmeg

Dilute condensed milk with hot water and pour gradually over well beaten eggs, stirring mixture well. Add salt. Pour mixture into pastry lined pie plate. Sprinkle with nutmeg and bake in slow oven (300 degrees) until custard is set and crust done. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done.

For particulars concerning the attractive and useful gift awaiting you see the inside back cover of HOLLYWOOD.



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TATTOO

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Hollywood's Charm School

Modern Cinderella

by

Sally Martin

Fashion Editor of HOLLYWOOD



Lovely Anita Colby now in RKO's *Mary of Scotland* wears sheer pink crêpe for summer



In the vacation spirit is this creation of white Onondaga-Batar with a top of blue and red

When The Clock struck twelve in the story book, Cinderella left the party and lit for home.

This is the tale of a Cinderella who decided to stay and face the music. Her name was Lettie Lee.

Once upon a time, ten years ago to be exact, a tiny blue-eyed, golden haired child deserted the sheltered life of a girl's school in the little town of Midland, Texas, to cast her lot in the Hollywood maelstrom.

It was impatience which inspired her departure. She wanted to become a star. She could not wait to finish the semester. Likewise when she arrived in the movie capital her impatience was again responsible for a mental cataclysm.

It takes time to work to the top of the screen ladder. One doesn't breeze into town, check in at a hotel, rush to a studio and tell the boys to "start shooting."

Our modern Cinderella was in no mood to tarry. Some fairy godmother had cautioned her, "Time's the stuff life's made of. Don't waste it."

It was easy to see that this guest was out of place at the Hollywood party. The clock struck twelve for Cinderella and the dash to Midland and the girl's school was in order.

But this tiny heroine instead of beating the legendary retreat, planted her tiny feet in the Hollywood soil and revealed a dynamic determination which belied her Dresden frailty.

Defeated in one ambition she produced a "spare." It was a latent talent for designing and armed with no more than a pencil and sketch pad, she entrenched in the battleground of her defeat. In ten years the eager child of sixteen threw the throttle of her energy wide open and rose from a defeated penniless kid to a position of glamor in the industry as a style expert and owner of the largest dress manufacturing industry in the west.

The first step was taken when she sought out the manufacturer of Sassy Jane wash frocks, nationally famous at the time. She got the job. The salary was $16 a week.

With this meager entre she was able to absorb every phase of the dress business, designing, making, selling, advertising and soon began to turn out startling designs. These attracted the attention of another manufacturer who specialized in exclusive gowns. Soon Lettie Lee became associated with him, at a fabulous salary for one so young. Before long she had an interest in his business and before three years had elapsed, had bought him out lock, stock and barrel.

Fashions



Anita wears an Onondaga-Batar dress in white trimmed with a pleated arrangement of hemstitched navy linen



Lettie Lee chooses white Onondaga-Batar with ruffled collar for the cocktail hour



WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*

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Tuna Salad Barrie

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TUNA SALAD BARRIE

Shred one tin Breast-O'-Chicken Tuna Fish. Place in colander, pour boiling water over fish and drain. Combine with 2 tbsp. chopped stuffed peppers, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. pickle relish, 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. French dressing, and mayonnaise to hold together. Place in damp roll mold and chill one hour. Unmold on grill plate and garnish with sliced stuffed olives, parsley, radish roses, sliced tomatoes and lemon.

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Hollywood Spotlights



Helen Morgan gets many dramatic opportunities in *Showboat*. Here she's shown in a scene with Helen Westley and Charles Winninger, who run the boat

When Helen Morgan Went Blind!

HELEN MORGAN was totally blind for a year when she was five—that glorious age when life is such a lark; when even one pair of good eyes seems hardly enough to see all the wondrous things in the world.

She told about it at Universal while she was playing the part of Julie in *Showboat* but if the conversation had not been centered around Irene Dunne's performance in *Magnificent Obsession*, it is doubtful if this story would have been written. As everyone knows, Miss Dunne plays a blind woman with never-to-be-forgotten sincerity and realism in *Obsession*.

"I never have been so gripped by a motion picture," Helen said simply. "That, without doubt is largely due to the fact that I, too, was blind once."

Startled listeners stared incredulously into her beautiful, tragic eyes.

"It is all too true," Helen went on in response to their horrified exclamations, "Although I was only five at the time, the year I spent behind a veil of darkness never will be forgotten as long as I live. It is such an indelible memory that I constantly live in fear of being blind again. If I get make-up in my eyes I am absolutely panic-stricken until I get it out and the burning, stinging sensation is relieved.

● "LAST SUMMER MY worst fears seemed realized for I went blind again. For four days I could not see as a result of sun blindness, caused by too prolonged sun bathing on the beach. I may have been careless then, but never again! I was a pupil at kindergarten when I first went blind. We were having a lovely time making those little doodads so dear to tiny tots and painting Easter eggs of clay. I suppose I grew sleepy for I rubbed my eyes with my fists and got some paint in my eyes. I shall never forget the pain, the anguish!

"The paint caused optic poisoning which destroyed my sight and even now in the stilly darkness of a sleepless night I relive in awful reality those horrible days. I can still hear the verdict of the doctor—I can hear my anguished mother. Poor soul, she was having a difficult enough time to get along without this fresh burden. You see, we were very poor—so poor that when I was 12 I was earning my own living in a cracker factory.

● "BLINDNESS IS HORRIBLE at any age but it is especially awful when it strikes at the very young. They have their lives before them; they have had a taste of the wonderful things life contains; they are filled with curiosity, with eagerness and with the joy of living—when suddenly darkness descends to blot out everything.

"I know only too well what it means to depend on others for eyes. To hear children playing games and doing all the wonderful things of childhood and to be forced to sit quietly by listening when every fibre in your being is aching to be up and doing, to be joining in the fun. To know that scarcely a step can be taken without

the aid of a guiding hand; to know you are absolutely helpless and dependent on others for no good reason that the mind of a child of that age can comprehend.

"Mother and I always have been devoted pals, linked together by a bond greater than the natural love of mother and daughter by our struggle for existence. We always roomed in private homes or boarding houses so there would be somebody to take care of me while mother worked. She tried to find night work so we could be together during the day but she wasn't often successful in that although she was constantly changing jobs, always seeking work that would bring in more money.

"I can remember mother propping me up on the ironing board to keep her company while she ironed in the evening after a hard day's work. To keep me awake she would encourage me to sing—every time I would nod a bit she would ask me to repeat my song. She was so lonely she didn't want me to sleep the few hours we were together.

"Usually it would be the same song—*Beautiful Isle D'Amour*, which I would sing with all the gestures of a lovely lady I heard sing it in a cafe where some friends once took us. We often went with friends to cafes in the neighborhood where we were well known, of course. They would encourage me to sing and childlike, relishing being the center of attraction, I would give everything I had to *Beautiful Isle D'Amour* and they would shower me with coins. I can't remember, though, that I ever harbored thoughts of a future theatrical career during my childhood.

"How did you regain your sight?" someone asked.

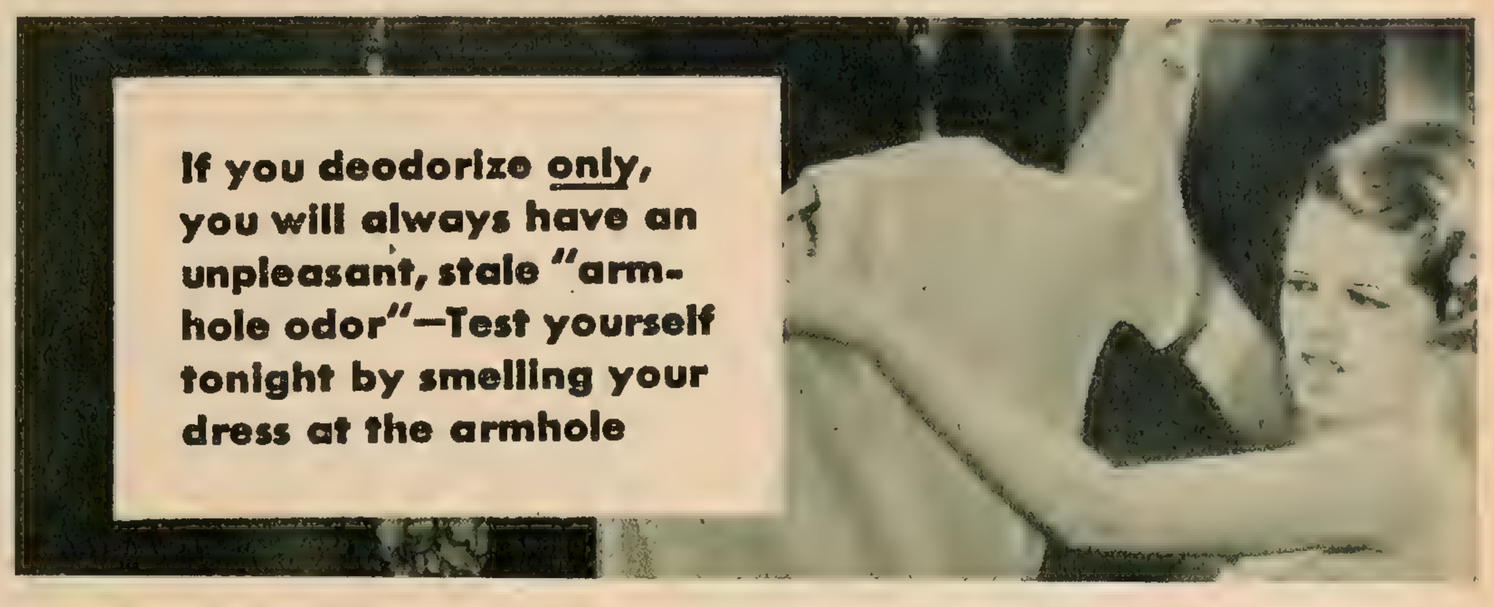
"That is another vivid memory," Helen replied. "Mother was always taking me to different doctors but because we were so poor naturally we had to go to free clinics. They told her of different treatments and gave her medicine to drop in my eyes. It seemed to me she was constantly doing that. Finally she started using a widely advertised eye lotion and that did the trick!

"Mother and I were walking down the street one day when we heard the clanging bells and clamor of racing fire engines. My eyes were bandaged but I forgot all about being blind—I wanted to see those fire engines. Jumping up and down I pulled the bandage from my eyes—and experienced a terrific pain in them. I was facing a red brick wall and the reflected light was stunning. But—above all—mother and I knew that I could see. Of course I had to put the bandage back and to keep it on for some time but my recovery then was comparatively rapid."



Joe, don't try to eat so much in one bite! Trust Joe Penner's lovely wife to watch those little things while they sun-bake at Palm Springs

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test



THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

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Florence Nightingale (Kay Francis) confers with Director Wilhelm Dieterle on set. It's a story of the Crimean War, but avoids actual battle scenes

Drama From Fresh Springs

WHEN CEASAR'S LEGIONS clanked up the fertile Rhine valley, and looked upon the bright and buxom German blondes, it is small wonder that a number decided to tarry there among the Teutons. And that is why one of the foremost directors of Hollywood, a German by the name of Wilhelm Dieterle, looks as much like a Roman as you could hope to find.

Co-director of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and director of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, this Warner Brothers executive is well on the way toward making a new era come true in pictures. He has sold the town on biography.



Dieterle co-directed *The Dream*, then sold Warners on the idea of doing the biography of Louis Pasteur which he directed

Fans who enjoy delving behind the scenes would relish the tale that goes with the production of *Pasteur*, the picture that was to prove a simple biography could be a sensationally popular success. Dieterle alone wanted to make the picture. Against him were anti-vivisectionists who abhorbed *Pasteur* for using dogs in his efforts to find a cure for hydrophobia, the agonizing death that awaited those bitten by mad dogs or wolves. Studio executives failed to see a picture in the story of a half forgotten scientist who bent over test tubes and microscopes. Until that great actor, Paul Muni, became interested, it was a hopeless fight. With him, Dieterle convinced his bosses.

If the picture had flopped, Dieterle would now be numbered among the forgotten men of Hollywood. He staked everything on his belief in the intelligence of the movie goers, and won.

Now he is in full stride, filming the life of Florence Nightingale, Angel of Mercy, first to raise nursing to the dignity of an honored profession. It is the biography of a magnificent woman, and with Kay Francis in the title rôle there is added the glamor of a big box-office name to this production.

Following that, he plans to make the life of Beethoven, and become, in effect, the agent for picturizing the lives of those worthy of such immortality as the movies can give.

Dieterle was born near Mainz (or Mayence) in the German free state of Hesse, and once the capital of the Roman province of Upper Germania. His family were poor farmers. There were two brothers and six sisters, and they all knew how to get along without money. Wilhelm's first important possession was a cheap paper edition of Shakespeare's plays. These decided his fate; he would

become an actor. His father promised his consent to this career if he should first learn a trade. The son chose carpentry. He was as grimly determined to learn his trade as he was to make *Pasteur*. He became a strolling player, then a stock actor, finally a member of Max Reinhardt's distinguished company in Berlin, and eventually an idol of the German stage. Tall, handsome, accomplished, he had an assured place. He starred in German movies.

But the story was different when he came to America to star in German versions. He threw overboard his success as an actor, burning with a new ambition. He would be a director, one of the best in the world. His dream has come true.

In attaining it, he has lifted the level of the entire industry. Yet he has only begun his work. His philosophy of work is simple: "Never do anything for which you have no enthusiasm." If he is uninterested, he is silent, lost in his own thoughts. When his interest catches, it's a prairie fire; his enthusiasm overcomes all obstacles. He wears white gloves while directing, a habit formed when inability to give commands in English forced him to move scenery and props around himself.

"Hollywood must learn this about making pictures," he says—"they must get a story before they make a picture. The idea of grabbing any old thing to keep a star busy is foolish. Many times they do get a good story, only to ruin it by changing it around to fit the star. First get a fine story, then fit a cast to it. I am not content until I have searched everywhere to find the right person for the right role."

Hollywood is ready to listen to him, for success talks convincingly in filmland.



Marla Shelton, Universal leading lady, was named "most beautiful in U. S." by Artist Rolf Armstrong

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What They're Filming

(Continued from page nine)



William Powell and Carole Lombard in *My Man Godfrey* . . . everyone appears cracked . . . Powell wears red whiskers, home grown

in, standing close beside the signal man, never blinked an eye as he waved the very, very red flag in monotonous circles.

The rodeo scenes will not be all comedy by Messrs. Crosby and Burns. Many a champion cowhand will do his stuff, including Mabel Strickland, perennial winner at Pendleton (Oregon) and Cheyenne (Wyoming) round-ups.

To film the Garden scenes, a huge imitation stadium was built under cover of a large sound stage. The job was so unusual that an outside contractor did the work instead of the usual studio crews. More than 1,000 extras had to be seated for some of the shots, requiring more than 50,000 feet of lumber.

● FRANCES FARMER, BING'S LOVELY leading lady, has appeared in only two other pictures. Winner of a Seattle beauty contest, she traveled to Moscow, Berlin, Paris and London on prize money. Then, returning to America, she hired an agent who landed her a screen test. Incidentally, another contest winner also will have a rôle in this picture. Watch for Bessie Patterson, 18-year-old winner of the El Paso Sun Carnival beauty contest. A high school student in Hot Springs, New Mexico, Miss Patterson was graduated with honors six months in advance in order that she could come to Hollywood to make the picture.

Because many portions of the picture had to be filmed out of doors, Director Taurog and his crew made a long search for locations. Many a beautiful spot was found, but the director always faced the inroads of civilization. The script called for unimproved ranches, old time corrals.

The crew roamed over a wide area as far east as New Mexico before it returned in disgust, finally locating the right scenes 400 miles north of Hollywood.

My Man Godfrey

(Universal)

When we came upon the scene, Alice Brady owned the Pennsylvania railroad, the Boardwalk, three pieces of property in the Marvin Gardens section, and the Waterworks.

And she was just going to force Bill Powell's fine new hotel on Tennessee Avenue into bankruptcy. It was a tense moment. Thousands of dollars were at stake.

"Listen, you psychopathics!" boomed the voice of Gregory La Cava, their director— "if you don't come back to work I'll burn that dang game of Monopoly!"

Carole Lombard and Gail Patrick tossed several five hundred dollar bills onto the board and, arm in arm, walked to their place in the lights. Another scene for *My Man Godfrey* was underway.

In *My Man Godfrey* Carole Lombard is a reckless, dumb debutante. She and her sister (Gail Patrick) go to the city dump on a sociable game of scavenger hunt. To win the prize, they must return to the party at the Waldorf with a Forgotten Man—and a few hundred other items from goats to soup.

You've guessed it. William Powell is the Forgotten Man, sick of the revolting existence at the dumps. Gail tries to lure him to the Waldorf, waving a five-dollar bill in front of his nose. It's a grand scene!

The bright flood lights reveal Universal's exclusive city dump in all its reality. Powell, Lombard and Patrick are shivering along with everyone else. It's a cold night, as California evenings are apt to be. They blow on their hands, stamp their feet, try to keep nimble for the scenes.

But again, Patrick is waving a five-

dollar note under Powell's nostrils. Something about it angers him just a touch. He gets up and menaces Gail. Step by step she backs up, with our William glaring balefully.

Then it happens. Gail trips, but Bill doesn't lay a hand on her. She totters for a brief second, then does the best pratfall you ever saw right into a mess of ashes.

Whereupon Gail flees in terror, leaving Carole here to handle Powell in her dumb, sweet way. She turns the trick by her straightforwardness, appears triumphantly at the Waldorf with her Forgotten Man.

The story ends here? Ah, no. Carole hires poor Godfrey as a family butler. Butling seems to be a brief career in this mad family, and we'll not go too far into the plot just now. Only it looks like a stormy time ahead for our man Powell.

● The Mother Of These dizzy girls is played by Alice Brady, who in this case is no brighter nor smarter than her offspring. The father, poor fellow, means well but hasn't a chance. Eugene Pallette plays the rôle of papa millionaire.

It's a riot of fun around these main characters, and largely around Carole and her butler. You see, she falls for the goof from the very first, and gets into one dog-gone mess after another. Powell just can't return the sentiments—unusual fellow, eh what?

Grandest scene in the picture is the ballroom set at the Waldorf, with some 300 extras in dress clothes parading before the camera. Gorgeous gowns go completely into the background, however, when the scavenger hunters return with their goats, tin cans, violins, violets, bromos, wheel barrows, fire extinguishers, fruit stands, et cetera continuously. They bring back so much junk that you wonder where even the property department managed to collect it.

You're bound to enjoy this hilarious bit of comedy for a number of reasons. To be specific: (1) Greg La Cava, who lately has been directing Claudette Colbert, is megaphoning it; (2) it's bringing Bill Powell and his ex-wife, Carole, back into each other's arms—and you should see 'em; (3) it's a diamond studded cast with a platinum Cinderella story.

● To See The Suave, well-dressed Powell in the rags of a bum at a garbage dump is worth the price of admission alone. We asked him if that half-inch of reddish whiskers was his, and sure enough, he raised the beard all by himself. You'd never suspect he'd grow *reddish* whiskers. Carole and he sit rather close together, and seem to have much to say to each other. In spite of their marital rift, they actually are the best of friends. Carole grows more beautiful in each picture, and more popular as a comédienne. We can thank her for the trend toward swift-talking, sophisticated comedy. You can't make such pictures without a Lombard or two.

Gazing upon Gail Patrick, we can be glad we are not obliged to make such a choice as Bill confronts. Your reporter tips you off to watch Gail; aside from this delightful pastime which in itself will well repay you, there will be the added satisfaction of saying: I was one of her first fans. She'll be up there in the top billing one day.

Sorry we haven't time for more—Alice Brady is starting another game of Monopoly!

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Bullets or Ballots

(Continued from page nine)

other members of this dangerous trio.

These three have many heavy scenes to play during the production. The wear and tear on their nerves is considerable. By the end of a day all of them are worn out.

Bullets or Ballots is not a gangster story but a story of racketeers, of supposedly respectable, well-to-do business men, who secretly milk other businesses of their hard-earned profits. These are the men who wear silk hats, not side slung derbies; carnations, not cauliflowers. They pose as bankers, politicians, society leaders.

Robinson, in the leading rôle, plays the part of a former detective who has displeased the "big shot" politicians and who finds himself "bushed"—demoted—to the Bronx, to pound pavements as a patrolman. Even there, however, he manages to make the bad-boys tip their hats. It is the sort of a characterization that the doughty Robinson likes to play—a rôle that he can, as he says, get his teeth into.

Barton MacLane, who towers over Robinson by six full inches, is the leader of the racketeers and the go-between who has the only contact with the real bosses. Bogart, slight but also taller than the star, is an active operator of various rackets who is displaced by Robinson when he tries, single handed, to expose the whole grizzly outfit and win vindication for himself.

● It Is A Slightly different rôle for Robinson who made a reputation for himself on the wrong side of the law in *The Racket* on the stage and in *Little Caesar* on the screen, but it offers an equally fine opportunity for startling drama.

Fundamentally Robinson is no more equipped naturally to play these hard boiled rôles than any other one of twenty actors. He is at heart a gentle soul, a lover of fine music, a collector of art and quite a student of philosophy and history. But the die was cast when he played his first gangster part in pictures and the public knows and loves him for his ability to make a tough part realistic.

Such a rôle saps strength from a player. He gives so much of himself in big scenes of such pictures that he comes out of them exhausted, his nerves exhausted, his body shaking. Then, whenever it is possible, he takes a nap. Awake again, he is ready to do the whole scene over or go on to new ones.

When the company gathers on one of the Warner sound stages after the noon recess, Robinson is missing. No one asks about him until the set up of cameras, properties and lights has been completed and approved by William Keighley, the director. Then, and not until then, is the signal given to Robinson's dresser on the set.

He goes to the star's dressing room, half a block away, and awakens the actor. Together they return to the stage and Robinson spends a few minutes repairing his makeup and rehearsing lines with the other players.

"How was my hat?" he asks the script clerk, who keeps close tab on all such minor matters so that a scene which is continuous on the screen but which is filmed in several "takes" will not appear ludicrous. It would never do to have Robinson's hat jump about on his head during a dramatic sequence.

"It was pushed back and to the right," she says.

"What about my cigar?" asks MacLane.

"It was a third smoked," the script girl announced. MacLane puffs furiously to get the stogie burned down the required length.

"I'll make myself sick," he grumbles.

"How was I sitting?" Bogart wants to know.



Shirley Ross, whose beauty has won much attention, moves further along in her career with a singing rôle in *San Francisco*, M-G-M film starring Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald

"Leaning back in your chair," explains the girl.

"Let's go," suggests the director cheerfully, and the scene, one in which the three tough guys shoot hard words at each other instead of bullets, is under way.

● When It Is finished Robinson pulls his pipe from his pocket—he smokes that instead of the famous black cigar most of the time now and finds a comfortable seat on the sidelines.

He talks animatedly with Hal Mohr, the cameraman, for a few moments and then leans far back in his chair and closes his eyes. He isn't sleeping but seems to be gathering strength for the tremendously violent scene he knows is on the schedule for late afternoon.

Robinson comes out of his portable dressing room near the set, refreshed and walking briskly. The company has moved to the far end of the stage where he is to have a screen fight with William Pauley, another tough member of this remarkably "tough" cast.

It is to be a dollyshot. Robinson is to start the fight and knock Pauley down. They rehearse it with Mike Lally, technical advisor, showing Robinson how to hit in such a way that it won't hurt.

"Let's try it," suggests Robinson. This time, as Robinson strikes out at Pauley he looks toward Lally questioningly, as if to say, "Is this right?" It was fine—pictorially. His fist crashes against Pauley's jaw. Pauley puts a hand to his chin, stumbles backward. An electrician catches him. Robinson, shaking his hurt hand, hastens to beg Pauley's pardon.

"I never hit anybody before," Robinson says. "I mean really. It's an awful feeling." But at that he's a little pleased with himself, if somewhat surprised as well. Pauley is a big man.

When this scene is finally completed to the satisfaction of everyone, except Pauley, who has a sore jaw, Robinson goes back to his comfortable chair, sits down, draws out his pipe and leans back with his eyes closed.

Director Keighley comes over and sits beside him. He suggests that now that Robinson is in the fighting mood, perhaps it would be a good idea to film the final, fatal battle between the star and Humphrey Bogart, in which Robinson kills the other man and is himself fatally wounded.

Robinson opens his eyes slowly. "You mean the gun battle in the hallway?"

Keighley nods.

Robinson shakes his head. "Let's take that tomorrow afternoon," he suggests. "After my nap." —Carlisle Jones.



—*Photo Charles Rhodes*

It's Fred Stone's 50th anniversary in the show business. Dorothy Stone celebrates it by attempting to steal sister Paula's cake

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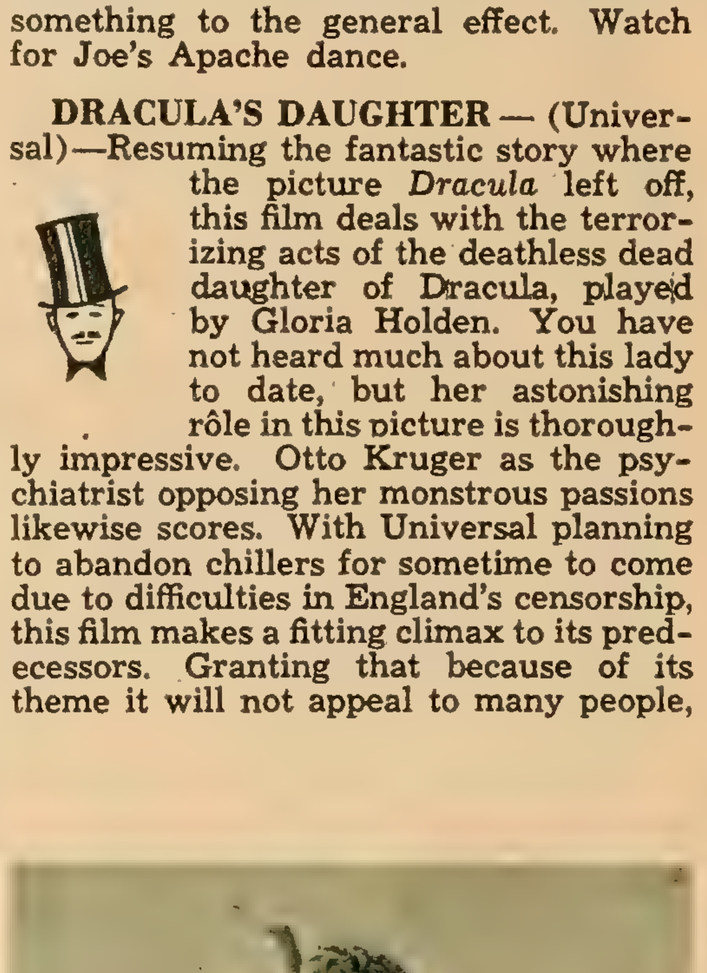
Topper's Film Reviews

(Continued from page twenty-one)

HALF ANGEL—(20th Century)—Another murder mystery of fair entertaining qualities. Frances Dee, acquitted as is Madeleine Carroll (see review of *Case Against Mrs. Ames*) is pursued by Brian Donlevy, newspaper reporter who wants a confession. While searching for his story, Donlevy helps to unravel clues which finally spot the real killer and all end happily. Charles Butterworth, Helen Westley, Henry Stephenson please.

SONS O' GUNS—(Warners)—Joe E. Brown plays the rôle of a slacker in the war who is drawn into the ranks when he emerges from a stage entrance dressed as a trooper. He captures a whole regiment of Germans in France, returns a hero. Joe E. Brown fans will find him working harder than usual, doing an excellent job. Joan Blondell, Beverly Roberts and Winifred Shaw contribute something to the general effect. Watch for Joe's Apache dance.

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER—(Universal)—Resuming the fantastic story where the picture *Dracula* left off, this film deals with the terrorizing acts of the deathless dead daughter of Dracula, played by Gloria Holden. You have not heard much about this lady to date, but her astonishing rôle in this picture is thoroughly impressive. Otto Kruger as the psychiatrist opposing her monstrous passions likewise scores. With Universal planning to abandon chillers for sometime to come due to difficulties in England's censorship, this film makes a fitting climax to its predecessors. Granting that because of its theme it will not appeal to many people, *Dracula's Daughter* at the same time must be classed as one of the most competent thrillers to date.



Charles Collins and Steffi Duna enact a moonlight waltz in Pioneer's Technicolor film, *Dancing Pirate*



Bette Davis and George Brent in a scene from *Golden Arrow*. Is she rich or poor?

SPEED—(M-G-M)—Serving as a vehicle to build up James Stewart, the young lad with a big future. *Speed* accomplishes its purpose to a degree without offending anyone. He develops a new carburetor, but due to monkey business fails to convince the big interests of its efficiency. Wendy Barrie, niece of the company chief, falls in love with him. They have their troubles and fall apart. Climax is a speed test reminiscent of Sir Malcom Campbell's neck-breaking races against time.

DANCING PIRATE—(Pioneer)—Technicolor's newest products burgeons forth in *Dancing Pirate;* it is neither a *Becky Sharp* nor a *Lonesome Pine. Becky* offended with too much color. *Lonesome Pine* was realistic, native. This newest film is poetical, a living painting of marvelous hues. And since color has not ceased to be a novelty, *Dancing Pirate* can stand on this premise alone. This picture is not intended to be taken seriously. It is, in a way, an elaboration of *La Cucaracha,* the famous short subject of Spanish dancing. Charles Collins, the dancing master, is shanghaied aboard a pirate ship. Escaping in California, he is seized by the villagers and summarily rushed to the gallows. Steffi Duna, as the daughter of Alcalde (mayor to you) Frank Morgan, staves off hanging in order that Collins may teach her the waltz. A love affair develops. The story merely provides the setting, which in turn provides the color. At the start color is almost totally absent. It is served in tantalizing small dishes until the climax, when brilliant wines and turquoise greens emphasize the crescendo. The result is idyllic and something deliberately aside from realism. Collins' dancing is effective and gay, but only time and the women can decide his screen future. His acting is not impressive. Steffi Duna handles her rôle with delicacy and charm. Brightest light is Frank Morgan with a characteristic comedy rôle. His performance stands out far above any other. You will also like Luis Alberni.

HOLLYWOOD

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[Continued on page 70]

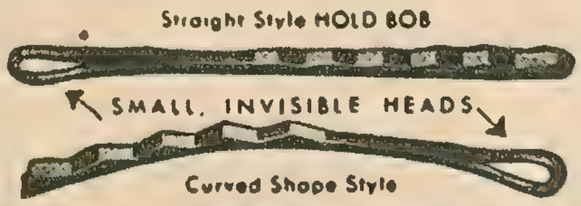


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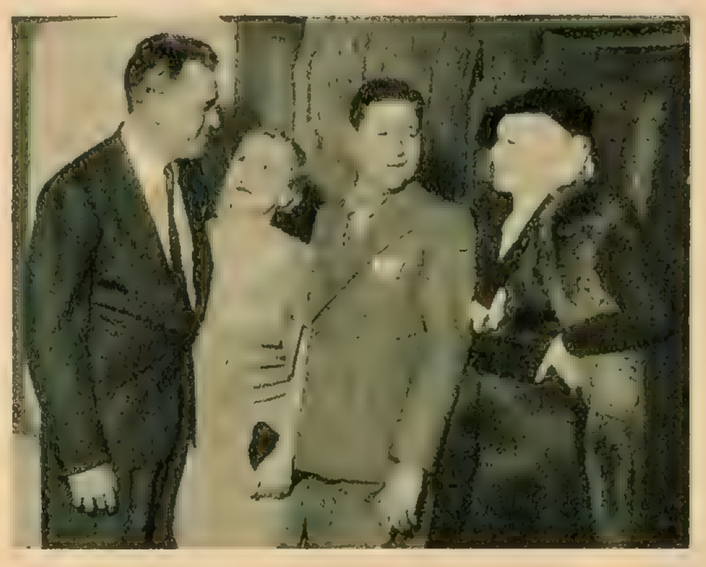
Women Who Tamed Jack Oakie!

(Continued from page twenty)

"Control yourself," I said sternly.

"I was going to say 'what's the use?'" Jack muttered defensively. "One night I drove a girl up to Lookout Point where we could gaze down over the sleeping village of Hollywood. I could picture those home-loving stars, cozy and warm by their gas stoves, watching their little children pitty-patty off to beddy-bye. 'Honey,' I says to her, 'marry me and become the mother of a genius.'

"Well, she's gone, gone out of my life. I fear I shall never know the joy of getting



Jack was still a single gent then! The happy foursome included Director W. S. Van Dyke, Minna Gombell, Jack Oakie and Toby Wing

up at 3 a. m. to heat up baby's formula. Nope, the domestic approach is out."

"Didn't you go sparkin' Frances Dee at one time?" I asked.

"You open an old wound," he said darkly. "But yes, I did. She couldn't hold me, though—I slipped through her fingers. And Joel McCrea caught her on the rebound. Now look at 'em—settled down with two kids."

"How about Betty Grable?"

"Another case of love at first sight. And then she took a second look. Ah, me . . . *Burp.* Jackie Coogan and his millions came between us."

● Jack Oakie Shook His head in deepest melancholy.

"Often a bridegroom, but never a groom; that's me," he said glumly. "Some day I'm going on a honeymoon or bust." (What a prophesy!)

"Once I thought I was all set for a honeymoon. That was the time Steve Ames and Raquel Torres got married aboard the *Lurline* and I went along to see that he done right by the gel. I tried to stow away in the bar so I could say I'd been on a honeymoon, but Don Alvarado and Tony Moreno found me just before the whistle blew.

"Then I figured I still had one last chance—maybe I could catch the bride's bouquet. If I caught it I knew I'd be the next to marry, but just as I'm reaching for the falling flowers, somebody stepped on my feet, an elbow jabbed my wishbone, and when it was all over, Nancy Carroll got the flowers and I got a black eye.

"Well, a boy's best friend is his mother. I can always get a date with Mother Oakie, and she understands me."

"Maybe you ain't got the right technique," I suggested. "How do you entertain a girl when you call on her? What do you do?"

"If she hasn't got any White Rock, we go out."

That wasn't very helpful. "Maybe you get in dutch with the girls. Tell me, Jack, do you *table-wander?* Fall in fish pools? Forget who you took to the party? Suffer from dizziness?"

"How did you know?" he beamed happily. "Sure, I got a few little faults—they make me human. But you can't blame my withered love life on those things. Nope, leave it to good old Oakie to have it figured out. You see, I got a 180-proof alibi."

"Does it work? F'gossake, tell me how you do it!"

● "Okay If You Promise Not to print it. (I gave the sacred oath of a Hollywood writer and he proceeded.) I start out by telling the girl I got a dual nature. I trot out lots of instances to show I'm a mild example of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and can never tell what I'll do when my subconscious mind takes the wheel and steps on the gas.

"The gel agrees that everybody has a dual nature; that's elementary, Watson, elementary. Sometimes I even get a show of sympathy when I describe what a bad case of dualitis I got. Well, next morning I wake up and wonder what happened at the party. Did I do right? I ask myself. It's no go—I'm pretty sure that I made some mistake to ruin me socially. Prob'ly right at that moment the girl is swearing she'll never go out again with that guy Oakie.

"And here's where the alibi comes in. All I got to do is phone the telegraph company and have 'em send the girl this wire:

" 'Dr. Jekyll apologizes for Mr. Hyde.' Perfect, what?"

"I shan't disillusion you," I said, avoiding his triumphant gaze, and gripping a beer bottle by the neck. "Pray let us discontinue this line of discussion before my dual nature overpowers me."

It was an interview that might have been forgotten as just so much more Oakie-Jokie if it hadn't been for Venita Varden. Soon after Jack had told me all these dire things about his failure with women, he became acquainted in a jovial sort of way with this charming little lady.

I remember Jack walking into an apartment party with her soon after he met Venita. She was introduced all around.

"Hello," she said in a lilting voice, smiling half at us and half at Jack. And he was beaming all over himself like a small youngster! That smile had lost a lot of smart-aleckness typical of Jack. He behaved like a little lamb, and was just about as meek as you could ever expect an Oakie to be.

● There Was A Good-sized bar in the room, and in a few minutes Jack was leaning elbows on it. That seemed natural enough. But when I walked over beside him, I found the big comic was bending elbows to a bowl full of pretzels and touching not even a beer!

That was the real tip-off. This charming little Venita had our man Oakie securely on the wagon—and she proceeded

to keep him there not only that evening, but endless others thereafter.

Venita won by admiration and respect on the spot. She was a good influence for tempestuous Jack, and amazingly enough, she had the lad in the palm of her hand.

So it wasn't any surprise to Hollywood when Jack announced he was going to marry Venita during a stop-over at Yuma en route east.

There was a big crowd down at the station to bid them goodby. One might have reasonably expected a comic like Jack to be a little frightened, but he was grinning all over the place and acting proud as punch over the wife-to-be.

They climbed on the train and were just about to leave when Jack suddenly lost his grin and called frantically to a stooge. His last message should go down on record as a Hollywood classic:

"Listen, guy. Call up Yuma as quick as you can and be sure the parson will be on the job. I'm sorta starting on my honeymoon before the ceremony, and that's a crime according to the statute book. This train does go through Yuma doesn't it?" he flung out anxiously as the train pulled away.

P. S.: The parson was waiting a few hours later at Yuma. So was half the town and a considerable section of the hinterland. Five years from now anyone in the desert country will testify that Jack Oakie was the happiest looking critter in ten counties when he said, "I do!" and got himself a wife.

—JACK SMALLEY.



Diminutive Dixie Dunbar is climbing the film scale rapidly at 20th Century. You'll see her next in *The First Baby*

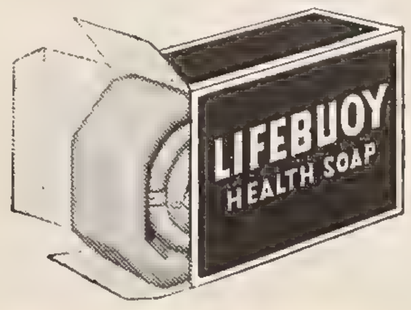
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Why Ginger Rogers' Marriage Failed!

(Continued from page twenty-three)

the *what.* He is not satisfied with the statement that the universe is full of stars. He must devote much of his spare time to knowing *where* they are located, *why* they influence human lives (he believes they do), and *how* they come to be.

Some friends go so far as to say that Lew Ayres was so busy studying these distant stars through a telescope that he forgot completely the presence of a brilliant human star in his own home. This of course is an exaggeration. But undoubtedly Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers could not find enough things in common to keep them together. Their interests did not meet, nor did their temperaments. For just as she was buoyant, optimistic and cheerful, Lew's moods were the changing facets of a serious-minded personality.

We said before that they did not enter their betrothal lightly. That is correct. Both of them had suffered previous disillusionments. Lew, in typical style, carefully considered remarriage in an academic sort of way rather than let his heart rush him too fast.

And Ginger, far from being carefree and thoughtless, contemplated it thoroughly. For instance, there was this comment from her at the time:

"We want laughter and happiness and complete romance. And we are going to have it. The second we find one little bit of trouble creeping in over my career, I am going to give up acting! Instantly. And I mean what I say.

"Happiness can go on forever if you work for it. Lew and I are both kids. Our marriage is romance, and it is going to last. We have much ahead."

Indeed, they did have much ahead! Lew Ayres' lucky star dropped low in the sky for awhile. There were despondent months when he seemed to be out in the dim universe too far for a producer's searching telescope. Meanwhile Ginger soared on, higher than she had ever hoped to get. Picture after picture was a hit, until suddenly—and too late—it became obvious in their household that Ginger was a sensational screen star, and Lew Ayres almost a forgotten man.

Here was the hand of fate about to erase another marriage slate in Hollywood. Here was another case of a husband who was forced to see his own wife dwarf his accomplishments. And Ginger, equally sensitive, had that aching pang of helplessness over cataclysms beyond her control!



Ginger's extreme slenderness does not signify frailty. She is vivacious, brimming with nervous energy



In happier days . . . this photo was taken of Ginger and Lew during Grace Bradley's hayride party

THUS THE LITTLE differences arose.

Small crevices grew wider when they weren't looking, and suddenly came the sickening realization that a bottomless chasm had gradually developed, with Ginger alone on one side, and Lew gazing over from the other.

Summarized, the status now exists as follows: Ayres is moving to another house while Ginger joins her mother in Santa Monica, nearby resort. Attorneys have been instructed to prepare a property settlement based on separate maintenance. While Ginger continues to act, Lew will direct, write and act in pictures for independent studios.

Hollywood doesn't think now that either one of them will find a rope to rescue the other from their lonely pinnacles across the chasm. It is quite in accordance with Hollywood precedence that each will have to wander on down their separate trails into the valley ahead. And, although they insist no plans have been made yet, somewhere not far along divorce will undoubtedly send them ever farther apart in new quest for happiness.

—LARRY PANKHURST.

Hollywood Newsreel

(Continued from page eight)

newspaper, is reported secretly betrothed to Patricia Ziegfeld, Billie Burke's daughter and a playmate of his childhood days. They are said to be plotting marriage as soon as Pat completes her education at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, Bill has made her movie editor of his Beverly Hills newspaper.

• •

Shoe Doesn't Fit

A STAR MAY be a star—and a glamorous one, at that—but in a darkened theatre she's Rosie O'Grady.

We chanced to sit next to Barbara Stanwyck a few nights back, at a preview . . . and the moment she sat down she slipped off one shoe and sat on her foot throughout the run of the film.

• •

Sally Dons Makeup

FAN-WAVING SALLY RAND, who was a silversheet satellite before the film industry hooked up sound, causing her to set out on a career as No. 1 exponent of nudism, is returning to her first love via an important rôle in Cecil B. DeMille's *Calamity Jane.*

It all came about when Sally, in Los Angeles for a holiday, dropped in on the famous director, for whom she toiled when she was rated as one of the colony's most beautiful ingenues. The social visit ended in a test and a contract for her.

Sally will be fully clothed for the rôle.

• •

It's An Ill Wind, etc.

DOCTORS' ORDERS that temporarily retired silvery-throated Dick Powell from the screen and air waves while he rested his vocal cords following an operation, didn't make the crooner too, too sad, for the respite from toil provided him with freedom in which to press his courtship of Joan Blondell, whose divorce from George (cameraman) Barnes becomes final in August.

Unless something unforseen arises in the interim, this popular pair will ankle it altarward early in September, according to pals in a position to know.

• •

Shirley Dips In

CHILDREN ARE PRETTY much the same, whether they be gilted talkie stars or just plain run-of-the-mill kids.

When the Governor of Tennessee and a group of Shirley Temple fans in Nashville banded together and shipped the curley-top a 50-pound cake on her seventh birthday, Mamma Temple unwrapped the package, and placed the frosting-laden gift on the Temple dining table.

"Now Shirley," warned the *mater,* "you mustn't touch it until dinner, then you'll be allowed to cut it, and have a piece yourself!"

Mrs. Temple left the room, but returned in time to find a hole in the side of the cake and Shirley's mouth and one hand coated with chocolate!



IF YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

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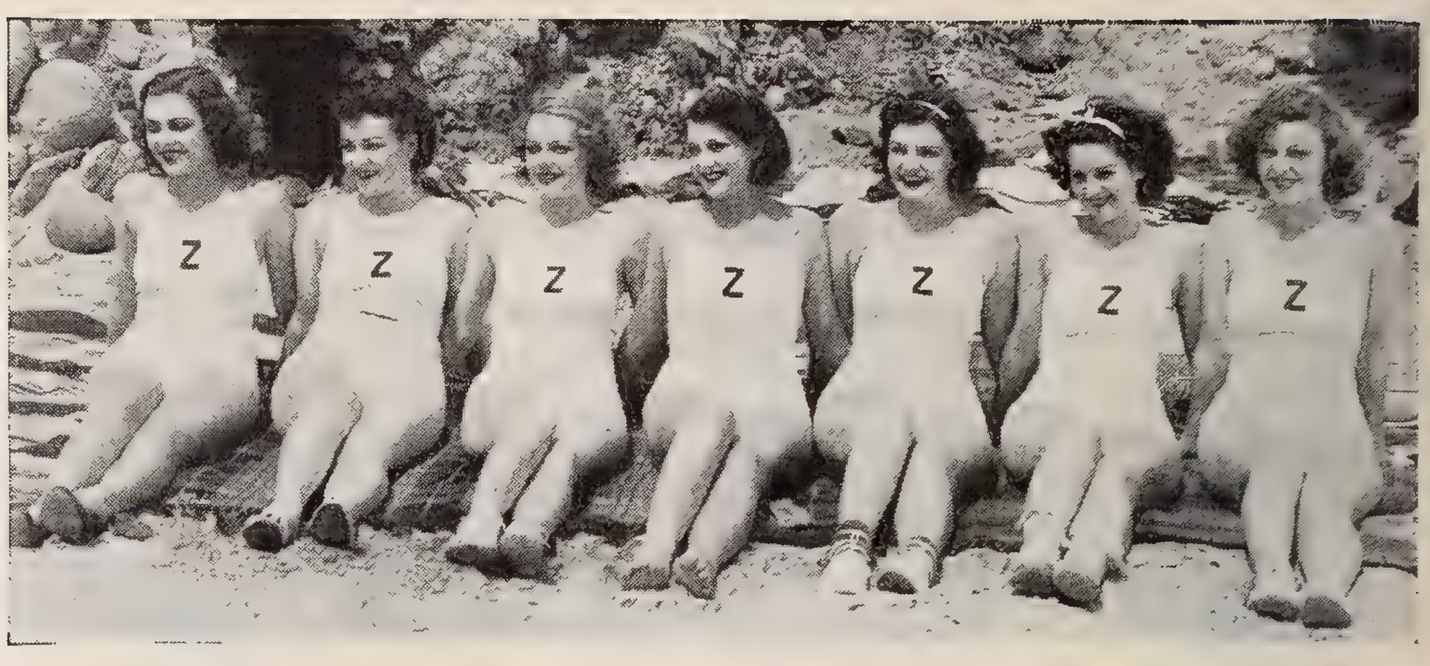
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Margaret Sullavan's Armbreak

(Continued from page twenty-five)



Glorified by M-G-M's film version of *The Great Ziegfeld*, these petite misses take it easy at the beach. From the left: Mary Lange, Frances McInerny, Claire Owens, Monica Bannister, Wanda Perry, Bonnie Bannon and Claire Manners

In Hollywood a person who resents personal ballyhoo is on the outer fringe of film society. There is always someone to suspect motives.

"I have no motive for being as I am, and I should like to explain this for the benefit of those who have heard so much and know so little about me. When I first came to Hollywood I told the studio employing me that there was no use making ambitious plans for me; that I didn't believe I could seriously like a film career.

"'Oh, don't talk that way,' said an executive. 'This is going to be the greatest thing in your life; think of the future and the money and independence it will give you.'

"I Promised To Think about it and the more I did the less I liked the prospect. The money interested me only slightly, my own peace of mind was infinitely more important. Perhaps I had the stage point of view and I could see no fame greater than the one earned on Broadway.

"Despite my expressed dislike of picture work they rushed me into make-up and *Only Yesterday* was the result. Afraid to see my first work on the screen, I escaped to London, but it followed me there a few days later. When I learned through the reviews that I wasn't a second Marlene Dietrich, I sneaked in and, to my astonishment, liked the picture.

"My opinion of motion pictures as a career changed that night and altered too my previous conviction that the stage was the only place for the expression of acting.

"My attitude is a normal one, I believe. Summed up, it is a tremendous dislike for publicity which has to do with personal phases of my life. I don't like people inquiring into my marital affairs and this seems to me a common sense dislike. Some things are sacred. Neither do I like to lend my name to controversial subjects of which I am ignorant.

"This has made me an extremely difficult person in the eyes of many and if so I repeat that I don't care. It is my privilege to plot my life as I see fit. If the penalty is heavy it is of my own making and no one is harmed except myself.

"When King Vidor invited me to Paramount to see him about the leading rôle in *So Red the Rose,* I soon discovered that my awful reputation had preceded me. He was so polite and condescending that I suspected he considered me hard to handle. And just to be different I agreed to everything he said.

"This change was genuine, I believe. Since first coming to Hollywood I realized that there were a lot of things about the business I could learn to like. I knew too that Paramount was friendly to me, else they wouldn't have entrusted me with their most expensive picture of the year.

"As I was leaving this first interview, Mr. Vidor said that he had succeeded in renting a six-room cottage by the lake for me during the four weeks we were to be on location at Sherwood Forest.

"'And where are you going to stay?' I asked.

"'With the supporting cast and crew at the hunting lodge,' he replied.

"'Then I want to stay with the crew,' I said. 'Because I'm going to be bored to death in a six-room cottage.'

"It is true that I would have been bored alone in a house and besides, I like motion picture crews. Their humor is sincere and their conversation isn't always technical and stiff, but the healthy buffoonery of men and women at play. And they were going to deprive me of that rough contact which is the greatest pleasure of my life.

"So I said no to the cottage and Mr. Vidor, thinking in terms of my reputation, probably went away mumbling something or other about my doing the most unexpected things.

"And I guess that sums up the reason for most of the unpleasant things said about me. Most movie people cannot get it through their heads that I object to being pampered or 'yessed.' I do insist upon being treated as a reasoning human being old enough to know what is right or wrong for herself. I want to express myself as Margaret Sullavan, not as a name that is seen in electric lights—"

And just then Miss Sullavan realized she had been doing far more talking than she had intended. She had that "I retract everything" look in her face, but she never had a chance to say another word before we had fled the room with these choice viewpoints. We give you Margaret Sullavan, with the interviewer escaping alive!



From magazine cover to films! Because her likeness appeared on a cover by Norman Rockwell, Terry Walker was given a screen test by Paramount. Now the Alaskan-born girl is landing film roles regularly

Hersholt's Confession

(Continued from page twenty-four)

Hersholt's protests fell on cold ears. Considerably disgusted and disappointed, he reported at the rival studio for the consultation. Deciding to take the bull by the horns, he told the official that he absolutely would not consider another rôle for three weeks.

● His Pronouncement was met with a mysterious smile, whereupon he was passed successively to an assistant director and finally Hersholt's old friend, Director Henry King who was to handle *The Country Doctor*.

King shoved a manuscript into Hersholt's hand, stilling the latter's protest. Quoting Jean: "I glanced at the title of the film. Good heavens! Every male star in Hollywood would want the rôle of Dr. Dafoe. A frenzied fear arose immediately within me that I had ruined my chances entirely."

Director King took Hersholt before bigwig Darryl Zanuck, who promised to decide on Jean's application by six o'clock that night, some three hours later.

Mr. Hersholt himself is authority for us that it was the most gosh-awful period he ever spent. He nearly wrecked his car from nervousness, almost had harsh words with his loving wife when she assured him he would get the rôle. Never before had time passed so agonizingly slow.

Promptly at six o'clock the call came through. Zanuck had selected him to be the screen's Dr. Dafoe! The part was his, and for the first time in his life Hersholt almost collapsed.

He finished off the confession to us with this bit of philosophy: never kill a rattlesnake—it might be opportunity in disguise.

STYLED FOR THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

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SWIM SUITS
BY ORRY KELLY



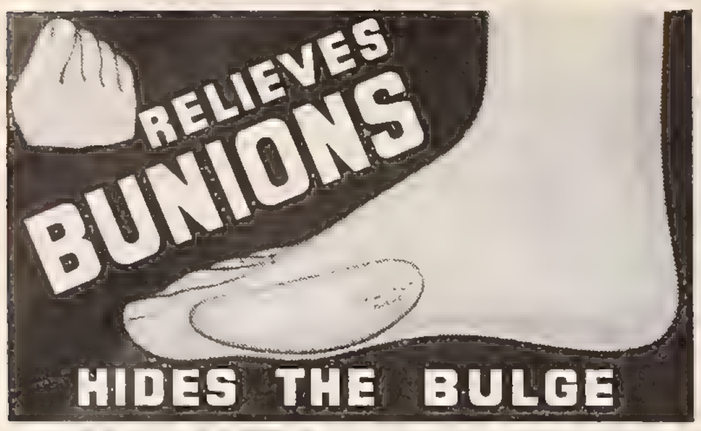
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Freddie Bartholomew

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

portrays on the screen. At home Freddie behaves better than average, disports himself like most American youngsters. Because his accent is his greatest asset, it is guarded carefully. No rule prevents the child from normal playtime activities, but at the same time English children are served him in proper doses to keep him reminded of his character.

Yet despite all this, Freddie in two brief years has become considerably Americanized. He likes to swim, play marbles, spin tops. Horseback riding is another favorite diversion, only ponies, not big horses, are provided. American slang is music in his ears, but dangerous to use around watchful Aunt Myllicent or School Teacher Mary Murphy.

And speaking of his teacher, it is interesting to know that intelligence quotient tests rate the young star in the near genius ranks.

Examined by Dr. Elizabeth S. Wood, psychologist, Freddie scored 135 points under the official benet tests. A score of 140-150 is indicative of genius.*

With this mental equipment, plus an acknowledged ability to act which is at least partly self-inspired, Freddie seems amply qualified to draw down his $1,000 a week salary for 40 weeks each year, the amount stipulated in his contract with M-G-M.

FREDDIE SUBSCRIBES PRIVATELY to the theory that boys will be boys. Therefore he has been known to carve his initials into furniture, pull wall paper off walls, plant used chewing gum on chairs. All of this Aunt Myllicent combats vigorously.

Freddie cares nothing at all for clothes, lets them fall wherever he is undressing. He dislikes to put things away, in common with most youngsters. He would rather wear a swimming suit than clothes, but puts up with starched things because his career demands them. At night he heaves a sigh of relief, climbs into bed dressed in nothing at all.

THUS FREDDIE HAS COME up to the present, unaware of the impending battle between his parents and his aunt. To be sure that he should not hear of the family split, Freddie was removed to the country until the latest court skirmish was over.

His absence, and failure to be available for his mother immediately upon her arrival from England, was the cause of vigorous protests in court by Attorney Leonard Meyberg who represented the mother.

Such protests won little attention from the judge who was too busy considering a last minute cablegram from Cecil Bartholomew, Freddie's father. The latter had with his wife jointly sponsored the attack on the guardianship held by Myllicent (his sister). Cabled Father Bartholomew: "My wife did not employ contemplated solicitors (attorneys) in America but hired persons I do not trust, so I have cabled revocation of power of attorney granted her. . . . I now have complete confidence in my sister, Myllicent Mary Bartholomew."

Then there were the charges made by Sister Myllicent in another affidavit. She alleged the mother came to the United States under an agreement with a group of London newspapers which were exploiting the case under Mrs. Bartholomew's "by-line" signature. Her allegations were supported in another affidavit filed by the grandparents.

These charges and countercharges, interspersed with legal technicalities, might prove dull to many a newspaperman, yet they held spectators closely enthralled until the judge's final ruling denying Mrs. Bartholomew's motion to upset the guardianship vested in Myllicent, the aunt.

Was the action a finale to suits against the aunt? Not necessarily. In the first place, another suit had been filed by Mrs. Bartholomew which demands an accounting of Freddie's earnings during the past two years. That's so she can find out the financial status of her son, and what has been done with his money.

And then again Mrs. Bartholomew commenced new action to attempt to regain the custody of the child.

And so, though Freddie's "home" troubles aren't finally and conclusively settled, the speech of a white-haired attorney and the decision of a bald-headed judge have gone a long way toward preserving what the child has known as home for years.

He will remain with Aunt Myllicent until a court of justice orders otherwise, or until the age of 21 when he shall become king of his own welfare.

HOLLYWOOD



Romance flames here! Marla Shelton and John King, Universal players, were snapped at a night spot during one of their "dates"

*In the same tests little Cora Sue Collins hit the astounding rating of 151. Naturally, the examinations were based on age level. Said psychologist Wood: "The English boy replied intelligently to complicated questions in logic and showed unusual ability to reason through given problems."

SHOPPER'S GUIDE

Recommended stores carrying a complete line of Lettie Lee dresses throughout the country are as follows:

Atlanta, Ga.—Leon Frohsin
Asheville, N. C.—Jean West Ladies' Shop
Amarillo, Tex.—Marizon Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Jeanette Beck
Beaumont, Tex.—The Fashion
Boise, Ida.—The Mode, Ltd.
Canton, Ohio—Stern & Mann
Cincinnati, Ohio—Jenny, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Charlotte, N. C.—J. B. Ivey Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Pickett's
Des Moines, Ia.—Wolf's, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.—Tuttle & Clark
Enid, Okla.—Klein's, Inc.
El Paso, Tex.—Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Tex.—The Fair
Galveston, Tex.—McBride's Dept. Store
Greenville, Miss.—Nelm's & Blum Co.
Gladewater, Tex.—Rose Shop
Hot Springs, Ark.—Eleanor Harris
Jackson, Mich.—Bess Winchester Gowns
Jacksonville, Fla.—Sligh's, Inc.
Lansing, Mich.—The Style Shop
Lincoln, Neb.—Hovland Swanson Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Kampner's
Louisville, Ky.—Besten & Langen
Lubbock, Tex.—Craig Gholson Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—Levy's Lady's Toggery
Milwaukee, Wis.—Florence Danforth
Montgomery, Ala.—A. Nachman, Inc.
New Orleans, La.—Jack Sutton
Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Brownley, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—D. F. Peyton Co.
Omaha, Neb.—McGuire's
Orlando, Fla.—Louis Ladies' Ready to Wear
Peoria, Ill.—Block & Kuhl Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Raleigh, N. C.—Taylor Furnishing Co.
Reno, Nev.—Vanitie Dress Shop
Roanoke, Va.—Samuel Spigel
Sacramento, Calif.—Bon Marche
San Angelo, Tex.—Cox Rushing Greer Co.
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San Diego, Calif.—Ballard & Brockett
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
Shawnee, Okla.—Mammoth Dept. Store
Shreveport, La.—The Fashion
Spokane, Wash.—Alexander's
St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's
St. Petersburg, Fla.—Belle & Co.
Stockton, Cal.—The Wonder
Tampa, Fla.—Ernest Maas, Inc.
Tucson, Ariz.—Levy's
Tulsa, Okla.—Seidenbach's
Washington, D. C.—M. Philipsborn & Co., Inc.
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June Travis, whom you may have seen in Warner's new film, *Times Square Playboy*, rests up at a Palm Springs hotel

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The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

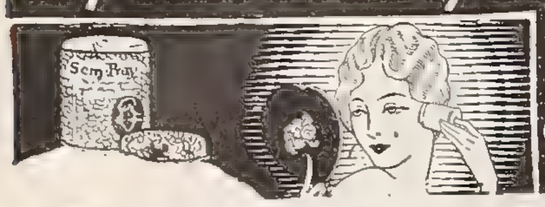
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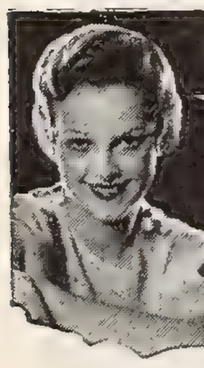
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Why Bob Taylor Can't Marry

(Continued from page thirty-three)

Then he looks up quickly, with a grin. "About everything but marriage," he adds.

He thinks that "impulsive" business needs a little explanation. "Don't get the idea that I always 'obey that impulse.' I may have sudden urges, but just as I'm about to go straight ahead—*voom!*—on come the brakes, saving me from doing something rash. You see, I've made the discovery that if I play a hunch, I'm usually wrong. So there isn't much chance of my getting married on a sudden impulse. I'll take my time.

"In college, I had ideas about getting married secretly." Then he adds, with a short laugh, "I can't have that idea any more. I wouldn't stand a chance of getting away with it. You can't win in this town."

If there is a clause in his contract against marriage, it is a secret between Robert Taylor, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and God. His career, he claims, isn't standing in the way of nuptials.

"I intend to keep on acting as long as they will let me. So if I ever marry, I guess it will have to be as an actor."

In *Magnificent Obsession,* with Irene Dunne, he was a wealthy playboy. In his latest picture, *Small-Town Girl,* with Janet Gaynor, he is a wealthy playboy. In his new picture, *Private Number,* with Loretta Young, he is a wealthy playboy. I ask him if he is worried by the thought that the future Mrs. Taylor, whoever she may be, might expect him to support her in the luxury to which his screen brides are accustomed.

That amuses him. "Anyone who knows me would know better than to expect anything like that. I'm not in the money yet—the big money. Oh, I'm making enough 'to get married on,' but the bride might have to do a little scrimping.

"Right now," he confides, "I'm getting a kick out of having a whole house to myself. It's in Beverly Hills—but small for Beverly. Only two bedrooms, a big living room, a small den, a dining room and a kitchen. I just installed my mother in a big house a few blocks away, with an aunt and a cousin and my secretary, who is an old friend of years' standing. (It hands me a laugh to speak of 'my secretary'—when two years ago I was using a scratch pad for stationery and writing with a stump of a pencil). But I wanted a house by myself . . . a man's house."

● READING THE GOSSIP COLUMNS, you get the impression that the Taylor pals all are of the feminine gender. It's a false impression. His closest crony is his stand-in, a good-looking chap named Don Miloe, late of Shawnee, Oklahoma, who was a buddy of his in college, who also had the acting urge, and who shared Bob's early struggles. Don, in those first Hollywood days, subsisted on five dollars a week from home; Bob was practically a plutocrat, receiving seven-fifty a week. (That was only three years ago.)

Neither of them ever has been East. Bob adds that he probably would never have gone West—if he had not been interested in the 'cello. He went first to Doane College, at Doane, Nebraska (his home town is Filley, Nebraska, where his father was a "country doctor"), and there studied music under a professor who transferred to Pomona College, near Los Angeles. Bob decided to follow him and see what California was like. And that brings up another reason why Bob can't marry now. He has made himself a stern promise that he will travel first—travel widely.

"Now I'd like to see what the rest of the world is like. That's another reason why I'm not marriage-minded right now. I want ot get in some traveling before I 'settle down.' I haven't been anywhere, except between Nebraska and here—and I haven't even been as far as Nebraska in three years. I have a yen for Europe—particularly France and Italy. I guess," he admits, "there must be *some* romance in me. I can't get that blue Mediterranean and 'the sunny South of France' out of my mind."

There is an old saying that "where there's smoke, there must be fire." The modern version would be: "Where there's a rumor, there must be a bit of a romance." Bob does not deny that there may have been " a bit"—but "nothing serious."

● FOR A LONG TIME, he was seen with no other girl than Irene Hervey, young M-G-M actress; they were even reported engaged. Then, suddenly, both started going with others—and the "romance" was off. Bob won't say, but insiders frankly doubt that there ever was a romance; they claim that shrewd advisers sponsored the coalition—to give both new players the aura of "young lovers" and, incidentally, to spare Bob from the varied assortment of romance rumors that have since become his lot.

He was reported "interested" in Jean Parker during the filming of *Murder in the Fleet;* off-stage "candid camera" shots during the production of *Broadway Melody of 1936* revealed him with June Knight—but his association with Irene Hervey came to his rescue, as far as a multitude of romance rumors was concerned.

"Then Irene and I broke up," Bob says, "and the deluge started. First they linked me with Janet Gaynor; we were making *Small-Town Girl* together. Then I took Virginia Bruce to the Academy dinner—and two days later Winchell had it that we were engaged. Now, if I could believe the papers, Barbara Stanwyck and I are plotting an elopement. Do you know Barbara? A swell girl—with a million dollars' worth of personality, and a swell sense of humor. She gets a laugh out of the rumors—and ignores them.

"So do I. But they get under my skin, too. They distort fine friendships, foment embarrassments. They keep alive the ridiculous superstition that actors and actresses—because they are actors and actresses—must be in love if they are seen together off-stage."

Loretta Young, his current co-star, is single, also. Is he anticipating romance rumors in that direction?

No, he thinks both of them are fairly safe. Loretta is very, very interested in Director Eddie Sutherland, and the columnists know it. All we hope is that they don't have a battle. For if they do, you know whom the columnists will blame for it. Bob couldn't hope to escape.

All of which brings us to the question: Does he have any objections to an actress as the future Mrs. Robert Taylor?

He thinks that one over. "No. I imagine

[*Continued on page* 64]



Bowling on the green in Hollywood! Rip Van Winkle's stuff suits Edward Arnold and Otto Kruger

How Grace Moore Looks

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

What-a-life-but-I-love-it! was the spirit she radiated. Anybody could be with Grace Moore two minutes and tell that success hasn't put its bored stamp on her. She gets a kick out of everything!

"Tell me the latest news of my family. Oh, I do wish I could have gotten down to see them before I started my new picture. How is my brother Jim, these days? Don't you think he's adorable?"

Jim, Miss Moore's youngest brother, who lives in Chattanooga, is a favorite among her four brothers and sisters, plain to see. Incidentally, with his wavy black hair, blue eyes and broad shoulders, Jim could make many a movie hero hide his handsome head in jealousy. But this young man is too busy helping his father run the large Lovemans Department Store which Mr. Moore owns.

However, he did take time off to reign as king at Chattanooga's Cotton Ball last autumn. The Cotton Ball, which celebrated its third annual occurrence last year, is a southern-wide social event bidding fair to rival Memphis' famous Cotton Carnival.

GRACE WAS NOW saying how pleased she'd been to hear Jim had been made king. But I knew I'd better steer her away from the subject of family if I was going to get anything accomplished in this visit.

"Do tell me what you think of your new picture," I begged.

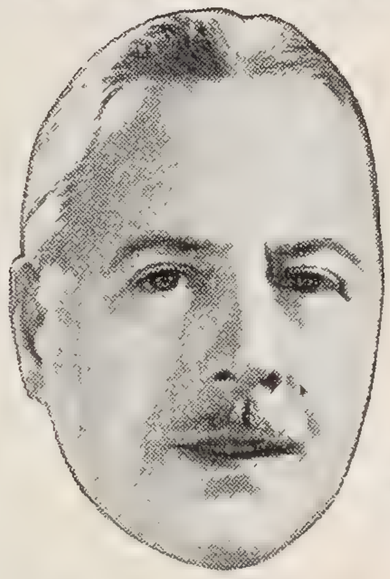
At mention of it I discovered I was no more enthusiastic than Grace, herself, was.

"Oh, it is full of Viennese music—the most beautiful music in the world!" she exclaimed, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

"*Cissy,* they called it in Vienna where it was such a huge success last season. I saw it there and fell in love with it. Strangely enough, Josef von Sternberg, who directs me, saw it in Vienna, too. And he felt about it just as I did! The story is about a young Austrian duchess

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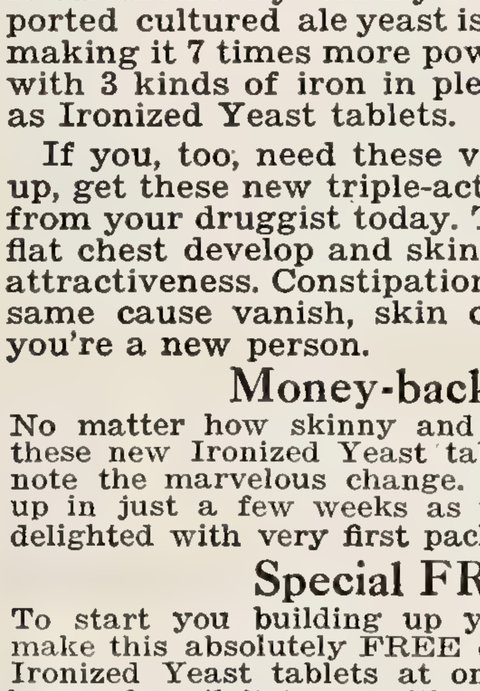
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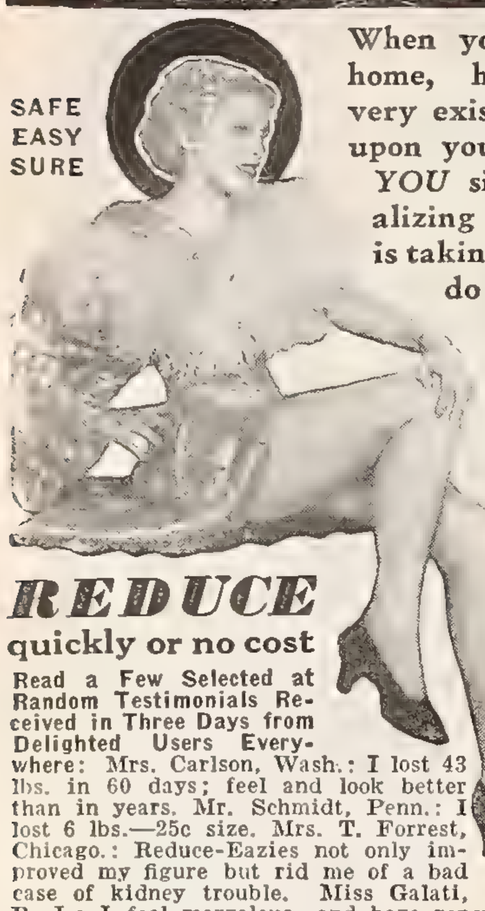
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who becomes an empress, so there is opportunity for some very wonderful court scenes—things I've imagined in my travels.

"I love to travel. I think all artists should do a lot of it—they need the change. I'm going to divide each of my years so that I have seven months for opera, concerts, radio and pictures, and the other five for traveling.

"Oh, you should see what I got in Paris my last trip there! Some of the most beautiful clothes! Molyneux created some things especially for me."

"It must be fun, having worlds of stunning clothes to choose from every day," I sighed, longingly.

"You should see me just before I perform—I go 'round all day in old, old clothes," laughed Grace. Then, in reply to my lifted left eyebrow. "It makes the contrast greater when I get into costume. I mean, I, myself, can feel the mood of a brilliant costume better."

● I Let My Eyes wander 'round the room to the various etchings and autographed pictures that were on tables and the walls. Pictures of President Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover. One each also of their wives. Pictures of kings. Pictures of the French composer, Gustave Charpentier, of Noel Coward, Mary Garden, Arturo Toscanini, of Lawrence Tibbett. Of important people throughout Europe and America.

"Tell me," I said, making a mental note that here was an answer all the ambitious girls at home would be anxious to know, "now that you're on the tippety-top would you say, as you look back over your early years of work and sacrifices, that reaching your goal has been worth it?"

"Oh, absolutely!" Grace didn't hesitate even for a second. "There's nothing like having a goal and reaching it. But then I believe in destiny. If something's going to happen—it's going to happen!"

But, I say, "Things happen if you *help* 'em to." Because that is what Grace Moore has actually done. Speaking of help, it isn't only herself that she assists. Of course, the many times when she has helped to give less fortunate artists a break are well known by the "insiders" here in Hollywood. But I only wish they knew how the prima donna helped me. Remember, when starting this story, how timid and scared I was standing there on the doorstep? (Yep, we're back to that doorstep again.) Well, you should have seen me leaving it, sometime later. I felt like a million dollars—all bubbling over with power and ambition. That, my dears, is what even just a visit with Grace Moore does for you!

Why Taylor Can't Marry

(Continued from page sixty-two)

I'll marry an actress—when I marry. After all, in this town, we don't meet many girls who aren't actresses."

As yet he has no dream-girl.

"What I'm dreaming about," he says, as he prepares to go back to the luxurious sets of *Private Number,* "is getting a variety of good rôles, trying to make a name for myself as an actor, building up the bank balance a little, and then taking a nice long vacation on the Mediterranean—far from marriage rumors. I ask you: How can I marry, when I have ideas like those?"

—James Reid



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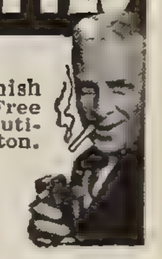
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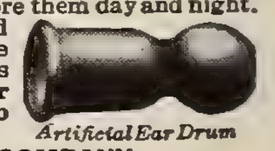
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The Morris Plan of Hollywood

(Continued from page twenty-six)

A man of considerable affairs requires a secretary. Chet shares a secretary with several other stars, and his part of the cost is $10 a week. He likes to answer his own fan mail, the reasonable and intelligent letters, anyway. The secretary, who comes in once or twice a week, is therefore mostly engaged in checking his bank book, keeping up tax reports, and other financial matters.

The cost of fan mail would be light, except for requests for photos. This runs into money, and is an expense which other professional men escape. Fan photos, which Chester Morris autographs neatly, cost $9 per thousand, which are mailed unsealed, carrying 1 cent postage each. For letters of valued criticism and real worth, Chester's habit is to send out a special photo in the larger size.

● Chet Joined The Bel-Air Bay Club, because he found it handy for the kids. It costs $9 a month.

His pretty wife, Susie, and his children, Cynthia and Brooks, do not figure in our calculations of expenses, for this is an average family. Except in one regard. A star's wife must dress the part. Her clothing bill, therefore, may be a bit more.

As for the children, they do not go to private schools, and lead the normal life of well-to-do youngsters. The little boy, Brooks, went to kindergarten, which cost $450 a year, and was started at a private school. A school bus called for him, and the extra cost seemed at first well spent.



Another young Republic actress with promise is Lois Wilde, who previous to her picture debut was Miss America, and appeared in both opera and Ziegfeld's Follies

That is, until one day Brooks came home and said: "Daddy, I want the chauffeur to call for me after this, like the other kids."

That was enough for Chet. At the end of the month young Brooks entered public school. A Filipino boy is one of his pals. Democracy is, you see, a religion with Chet Morris.

Clothes are probably the biggest item on his list of expenses. Studios supply clothes for costume pictures, but for modern clothes the star must pay. A player therefore kicks his heels when assigned a costume picture.

Ten suits a year must therefore be figured in, and these average $135 a suit. You can't put on any old thing in a film. Evening clothes cost $200 and a tail coat lasts about three years. He wears out a dinner suit in a season.

A star probably exceeds a professional man in charities, largely because more pressure is applied to stars. And actors are a sentimental lot. The sight of a broken down actor not only appeals to their sympathy, but also to their superstition. You might be there yourself, some day. Hence the handout to this person and that runs into plenty.

● But All In All, if a star followed the Morris Plan he would need have no worry over the future. Chet does not try to keep up with the Joneses. His home is beautiful but comfortably within his means. He believes in enjoying life, but he enjoys it sensibly, with an eye to old age.

—Jack Smalley.

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Gloria Stuart, above, 20th Century-Fox star in The Poor Little Rich Girl, thrills to the bright lights of Broadway when she visits New York.



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Casting Director

(Continued from page thirty)

And the star of the picture may refuse to play with a certain performer. According to the terms of his or her contract, the star may enjoy the privilege of accepting or rejecting the name of anybody suggested for the part.

It goes without saying . . . the casting director must be a man of iron! He must not know the meaning of "nerves." A hundred other problems regularly present themselves to plague him unmercifully, for often "bits" must be filled that require even greater patience than the ultimate signing of the principals.

Very often, personalities are drafted from the stage, to re-enact, in the screen version, the parts they portrayed in the original play. Among the more recent arrivals falling into this category is Humphrey Bogart, whose Killer Duke Mantee in *Petrified Forest* remains a classic memory.

The casting of Harriet Hilliard in *Follow the Fleet* reads like a fairy story. A New York talent scout heard Harriet on the radio, called her to his office, took a test of her and shipped the test to Hollywood. It arrived the very day studio officials were at their wits' end to discover a girl with the proper personality to play Ginger Rogers' sister. One screening of the test, and frantic telephone calls summoned the little radio singer to the West Coast.

Fox executives caught Arthur Treacher's appearance on a Los Angeles stage, and instantly there struck home the thought that he would be the ideal person to enact the central character of Jeeves the butler in the Wodehouse series of stories they contemplated filming. A film test served to convince them they were correct in their initial impression of this English actor, and promptly he was placed under contract.

VACATIONING AT PALM SPRINGS with her parents, June Travis chanced to meet Hal Wallis, Warner Bros.' production chief, and he asked her to make a test. Almost immediately she was assigned the leading feminine rôle in *Ceiling Zero,* because she represented a new and refreshing type, and now is on her way to further prominence.

Max Reinhardt is responsible for Warner Bros. signing Olivia de Havilland to a contract. Olivia had interpreted the rôle of Hermea in the famous German's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl, and when Reinhardt went to Warners' to produce the play on the screen he insisted that the dainty little actress be given the same rôle. As a result of her extraordinary performance in the picture, the studio added her to its list of players.

Drawing on the stage, Hecht and MacArthur took Ernest Cossart out of the cast of *Mary of Scotland* and gave him a featured rôle with Noel Coward in *The Scoundrel.* Paramount thought so highly of his work in this film that they wired him to rush to Hollywood for the part of the butler in *Accent on Youth* and since have cast him in *Two For Tonight* and *Desire.*

Handsome James Stewart, who will be remembered opposite Margaret Sullavan in *Next Time We Love,* was acting on the New York stage when Metro-Goldwyn tested him and sent him to Hollywood for one of the important parts in *Murder Man.*—WHITNEY WILLIAMS.

When Illness Hits Hollywood

(Continued from page thirty-one)

"This is Claudette Colbert speaking (believe it or not.) I'm dreadfully sorry, but the doctor says I have influenza and he won't let me out of bed. . . ."

That's one reason why Producer Zanuck spends 14 hours a day trying to keep the studio's affairs straight!

Here are some more reasons:



Mary Astor fell victim of influenza on a location trip, spent a week in bed while Columbia footed the bill. Illness comes high in Hollywood when the camera is grinding

Zanuck borrowed Rosalind Russell from M-G-M to play in *It Had to Happen.* The picture was all set to go when the old bogey, laryngitis, came along and Rosalind couldn't talk for three days.

While filming *Captain January* Shirley Temple was out for four days with a bad cold—and the studio cannot afford to take chances when their valuable players are under weather.

During the shooting on *Professional Soldier,* Freddie Bartholomew sprained his ankle and was unable to do any long shot scenes. After the first day he was able to go ahead with close-ups.

Plans had all been made for doing *Ramona,* locations selected, and the cast tentatively drawn up. Then Loretta Young had a long siege of illness and the picture had to be delayed.

● The Death Of Thelma Todd cost Hal Roach a big sum, for she had nearly finished a rôle in *Bohemian Girl.* When Sam Hardy died, United Artists found a lot of scenes in *Strike Me Pink* without value because Hardy hadn't finished his rôle. Further delay was caused on the same film because Jack LaRue smashed a finger in a car door and couldn't wear a bandage.

Over at Paramount a big source of revenue was suddenly shut off when W. C. Fields became ill. Only because he was a swell trouper did W. C. Fields finish *The Man on the Flying Trapeze.* He was ill and worn out during much of the picture. Only recently was he ready to resume his career with the picture *Poppy.*

The illness of Joan Bennett's famous father, Richard Bennett, caused her to fly east to his bedside during shooting on *Thirteen Hours by Air.* The company managed to re-arrange its schedule and proceeded to shoot around her. But if Joan had failed to get back on the prescribed date, production costs would have dug deeply into the profits.

When Binnie Barnes went to Metro to appear in *Rendezvous,* her sudden illness caused many an executive to sharpen his pencil and get gray hair. The production was delayed two weeks pending her full recovery. It was cheaper than trying to replace her and shoot everything over.

● Hollywood Really Does Not have more than a normal share of illness. Most of filmdom's players try to keep themselves in good physical shape. But if illness breaks out during a production, it is apt to get more than one person because of the trouper instinct to keep on to the last ditch. By that time—if the illness should happen to be contagious—it may sweep through half the cast before it is stamped out.

Many players dislike being loaned out to another studio because they have learned the tricks of their home sound stages, and can't predict unexpected draughts in others.

Irene Dunne is a good example. At RKO she knew just how much clothing to wear while in production, and how to avoid vagrant winds that sweep through the big structures. But when she went to Universal she failed to consult the weather man about strong sea winds sweeping through the valley, and she promptly caught cold on one of the sound stages during the shooting of *Magnificent Obsession.*

That's what worries all the studio executives. Illness is unpredictable, and no matter how they try, they can't stamp out the causes.

Location trips are especially troublesome. Mary Astor and Elliott Nugent, on location near Lake Tahoe for the picture, *And So They Were Married,* both got influenza due to the extreme frigidity of the climate. Accustomed as they were to Hollywood's warm sunshine, deep mountain snows were an official terror that completely stopped production for a week. The company slid its way back to sunshine, sent Miss Astor to bed pending recovery. The delay was so costly that the company had to rush to nearby Big Bear Lake district to finish on time.

Rochelle Hudson, doing *The Country Beyond* for Fox, also in the Tahoe country some 600 miles from Hollywood, had a narrow escape when a landslide went awry. Had she been injured in filming the scene, it would have cost 20th Century vast sums of money to hold up production.

● There's Another tremendous cost that every Hollywood actress has to consider when she marries. Blessed events! They come costly in filmland! Who can say, for instance, how much box office revenue and personal salary was involved when Norma Shearer decided to have her second child? There's big money involved in a year's retirement from the studio.

Or take the case of Sally Eilers. When she had her child, husband Harry Joe Brown thought it was swell. So did Sally, but they paid dearly. It was a full year





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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

2 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

Wouldn't you like to try Bernard's two most popular perfumes—White Lilac—a delicate, delicious perfume and Queen of the Orient—an exotic romantic thrilling perfume. Hundreds of thousands of women all over the country use Bernard's fine quality perfume, and if you haven't yet received one of these introductory packages—send for it today. Send only 10c—coin preferred, to cover packing and mailing costs, and you will receive a package containing both of these popular perfumes—delicious White Lilac and thrilling Queen of the Orient.

BERNARD-PERFUMER,
Dept. 509-G, St. Louis, Missouri



Here's a young lady you're apt to hear more about. Lynn Roberts, Republic contract player, displays much promise

before Sally could really resume her career, and everyone in filmland will tell you that the lapse of time cost her considerable in box office popularity. As a result, she had to start over and it was quite a spell before she was on top again.

Evalyn Venable's child was most welcome in the Hal Mohr household. They wanted a baby and didn't need the star's salary. Mohr had made tremendous progress as a cameraman, turning out such fine films as *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Miss Venable hasn't any idea what the blessed event cost her, and doesn't care.

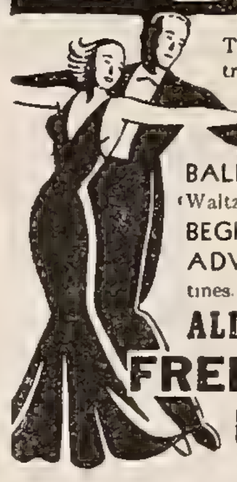
Now she's thinking about returning to the screen with the full realization that the lapse of time has probably set her back even as it did Sally Eilers. Maybe in a year or two she'll tell us something tangible about the thousands of dollars that went by the boards. One thing she does know now: the fans haven't entirely forgotten her, for since the arrival of the baby, she has had stacks of letters pleading for pictures *of the child!* There's another star in that family.

SHOPPING GUIDE

[*Continued from page 53*]

El Paso, Texas
Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Texas
Monnig Dry Goods Co.
W. C. Stripling Co.
The Fair
Galveston, Texas
E. S. Levy Co.
Robt. I. Cohen, Inc.
Houston, Texas
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.
Port Arthur, Texas
A. Bluestein
San Antonio, Texas
Frost Bros., Inc.
Taylor, Texas
T. W. Marse Co., Inc.
Texarkana, Texas
Ben F. Smith Dry Goods Co.
Waco, Texas
Goldstein-Migel Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Paris Co.
Norfolk, Virginia
Rices Fashion Corner, Inc.
Staunton, Virginia
Timberlake Dry Goods Co.
Suffolk, Virginia
Legget's Dept. Store
Richmond, Virginia
Berry-Burk Co.
Jacobs & Levy
Everett, Washington
Grand Leader Dry Goods Co.
Seattle, Washington
Fredrick & Nelson
Spokane, Washington
Palace Dept. Store
Charleston, West Virginia
Coyle & Richardson
Huntington, West Virginia
Anderson-Newcomb Co.
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MADAME TURMEL, Dept. 26-E, 256 W. 31 St., New York.

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Dermalure Inc., 154 E. Erie St., Dept. 2-G, Chicago, Ill.

Summer Beauty Worries

(Continued from page thirty-four)

polish costs 35 cents and the lipstick, in a smart gun-metal case, 50 cents.

● You Haven't Achieved the ultimate in make-up harmony when you've matched your lipstick and nail lacquer, by any means. There's still the problem of eye shadow for day and evening. No matter what the color of your eyes, if your skin is very tanned, you'll find a new "Mahogany" shade of eye shadow stunning for daytime. Over it, for evening, brush gold shadow.

When they brought out these two stunning new eye shadows, the company also introduced a handy new make-up accessory that takes the artificiality out of eye make-up. It's a long, slender camel's hair brush, much like the ones wielded by Hollywood make-up artists; and it can be used to apply eye shadow on your lids or mascara on your brows. . . . I've always enjoyed applying eye shadow, even when I smudged it on with a finger, but this little brush makes it ten times as much fun.

There are twelve different colors of shadow in this line, all of them breath-taking. A startling royal blue, a haunting violet and a lush young green are among my favorites for evening, when combined with an over-tone of silver. The green is also a good shade for day as well as evening for suntanned gals. The shadow costs 75 cents.

Although you may be so foolish as to omit the use of an eye lotion in winter, you can't get along without one in summer! There's a grand new eye lotion in a snug, flat blue bottle (with a snub-nosed dropper attached) that I can praise honestly. It removes dust, soothes inflamed eyeballs and lids and makes tired, strained eyes look young and eager again. . . . The price is only 60 cents. Want the name?

● To Safeguard Your sense of comfort and well-being as well as your social security, always bathe twice a day, use an antiperspirant regularly and dust a deodorant powder all over your body after bathing. . . . Twin liquids that are unusually reliable in checking and deodorizing perspiration, have a new companion—a deodorizing body powder that is as effective as it is refreshing. It comes in two different type containers, a shaker can that is very convenient for traveling, and a pink and white dusting powder box (with a fat pink puff) for your bathroom. This powder, which neutralizes perspiration and other body odors, has a delicate floral scent, and is mildly antiseptic, too. It even comes in compressed form, in a silvery vanity that looks like a face powder compact!

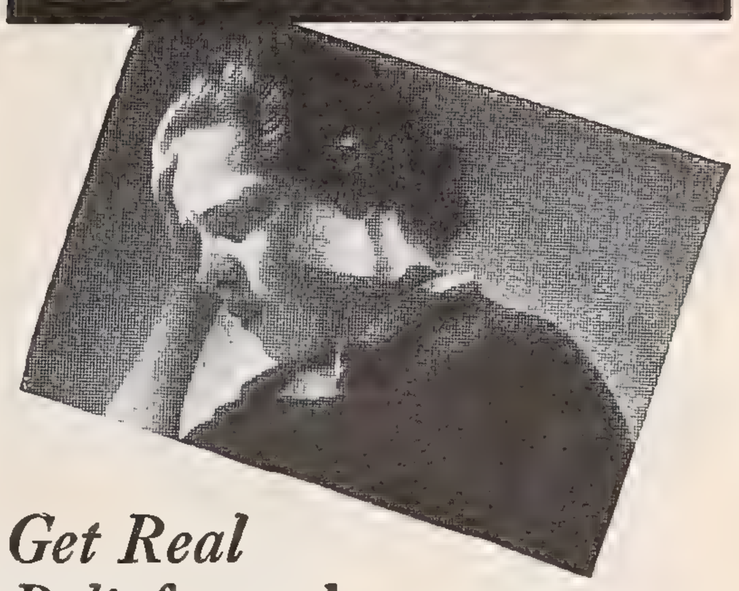
Of the two liquid non-perspirants, one is designed for those who perspire heavily and the other, a milder one, for those who have very sensitive skins. The stronger liquid should be applied twice a week and the milder one every day or on alternate days, depending on individual requirements. Both liquids come with a handy sponge applicator so that it requires only a jiffy to use them. Don't expect to achieve perfect results if you disregard the directions for using these non-perspirants. *They must be followed carefully.* The liquids are 35 cents each, the box of powder is $1 and the other two preparations are only 50 cents each. I shall be glad to furnish the manufacturer's name.

Whether you spend your summer holiday "roughing it" at a ranch or being elegant at a swanky resort, you'll be faced with the necessity of keeping your arms and legs smooth and hairless—*if* you want to be a social success. . . . It mystifies me to see otherwise well-groomed girls neglect this all-important phase of personal grooming, especially since it is so easy to attend to! I can't believe that *any* woman is so busy that she hasn't time to use a chemical depilatory that can be applied and removed in six minutes or less!

If you would like to have the name of a safe, reliable depilatory of this type, I'll be glad to send you complete information. One that I can recommend highly, is a perfumed powder that is mixed with water to form a non-runny paste. This paste can be smoothed on the legs quickly and easily, and removes every vestige of hair in about three minutes. When you rinse it off, your legs are as smooth in texture as a baby's. The price of this hair remover is only 50 cents.

● Although They Are usually considered humorous by everyone but the unfortunate victim, poison ivy, insect bits and sunburn are deadly enemies of feminine beauty and should be avoided carefully. However, in case you do wander aimlessly into a bed of poison ivy or a colony of mosquitoes, or go swimming without your sunburn cream, there is a very fine non-staining liquid (it comes in handy ointment form, too) that will take the hurt and the ignominy away in a hurry. . . . It's soothing and antiseptic and, unlike home remedies, doesn't irritate an already suffering skin. It has an immediate effect on any itching condition which, as I remember, is one of the inevitable accompaniments of poison ivy and mosquito bites. Hot, burning, swollen feet, another common summer-time beauty ill, that is always reflected in one's face, succumb immediately to a ten-minute bath consisting of one part of this liquid and three parts of cool water. The smallest sizes of liquid and ointment cost 30 cents.

CONSTIPATION?



Get Real Relief—and End the Laxative Habit

IF you've come to rely on cathartics—habit-forming, and giving only temporary relief at best—science offers you wonderful news. For repeated clinical tests have proved this fact: *The real cause of countless stubborn cases of constipation is shortage of Vitamin B Complex!* And in such cases, constipation goes—headaches end—energy returns—when this precious natural factor is added to the diet!

That is why Yeast Foam Tablets have freed thousands after years of slavery to cathartics. For there is no richer natural source of Vitamin B Complex yet discovered than pure whole yeast—and Yeast Foam Tablets are pure whole yeast!

Start now to restore health this easy, natural way—with Yeast Foam Tablets. They have helped thousands. For you, too, they should strengthen digestion—restore regular, natural elimination. Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

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I USE PLUTO TO CLEANSE MY SYSTEM

says Dr. J.A.R. of Texas



DO AS DOCTORS DO

Follow this treatment for Constipation —gives relief in 1 hour

CERTAINLY you can have no sounder advice than this. When you need a laxative DO AS DOCTORS DO—and take no chances. For doctors, of all people, should know what to take.

Over 50,000 doctors use or recommend Pluto Water for Constipation. Dr. V. N. of Michigan states: "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years." Dr. H. A. O. of Ohio writes: "I not only prescribe Pluto Water almost daily, but use it personally every other day and find it very beneficial."

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With Pluto Water you do not have to dope yourself at night. There is no long period of waiting. No painful griping.

Simply mix ⅓ of a glass of Pluto Water with ⅔ of a glass of hot water. You'll find this mixture pleasant. Gentle. And quick and thorough in results.

Pluto gives a complete bowel flush in 1 hour. That is why you so quickly feel like a new person. Your head clears—your energy returns—your appetite improves.

Try This Doctors' Way

Pluto Water is bottled at the famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. It is a non-habit-forming saline mineral water. Sure! Quick! Gentle! Safe! Two hundred million bottles have already been used, largely on doctors' advice. Get Pluto from your druggist—either in the 25c size or the large 50c size which contains three times the quantity. In 1 hour or less, your constipation will be relieved, and you'll feel worlds better.



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—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances, as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address and name the skin blemishes which trouble you most to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 367-Y, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

Hollywood Has Gone to the Cats!

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

it to play with while she sews. From Theresa he claims the attention of a baby. And receives it, too!

"At first my housekeeper didn't like him. All cats were a nuisance, in her opinion. But now nothing is too good for him. It's 'my baby' all the time. This morning, for instance, when I asked if breakfast was ready, guess what she said?" Here Glenda's infectious laughter rang out. "'Why, I haven't fed my baby yet!'

"One night I was entertaining a few friends and had a buffet supper spread in the snack bar. When I took my guests into the bar, every shrimp and anchovy h'ors d'oeuvre had been plucked clean. Obviously, Tacky was the offender. But did Theresa scold him? Not by a single word. Instead, she hastily substituted fresh h'ors d'oeuvres from the kitchen.

"Water fascinates Tacky, and he'll sit on the rim of the bathtub for hours, in concentrated silence, peering at the water draining. When it's empty, he'll jump in and examine the faucets from all angles."

● If You Own a Siamese cat or plan to adopt one, you may be interested to know that their diet is simple. Tacky's consists mainly of a prepared cat food, plus a raw egg every three or four days and an occasional bit of fresh chopped liver. He eats sparingly, but frequently, and displays his temper if his food dish is empty at any time. Sometimes, instead of lapping up his food with his tongue, cat fashion, he uses a paw in the same manner a person uses his hand.

Don't get the impression a Siamese is a vicious animal. As a matter of fact, he's the most affectionate and devoted of all cats, although he does look fearsome and probably bears some kinship to a jungle animal. He displays many dog-like traits.

A Siamese suffers acutely of jealousy. When he wants something, he sets up a howl until he gets it, as you will later learn in this article. He will retrieve like a dog. He loves to talk with his master, and is very conversational with his own kind.

He is intelligent — oh, very! — faithful forever, courageous, and honest enough to stare at you when he has been into the pie without permission. Many centuries ago he was bred and housed in temples by the priests. He looks like a wildcat and may have had his origin as such somewhere in the Orient. Nobody knows for sure. He made his appearance in Europe after the Boxer uprising, when returning British officers found the breed interesting.

The first set of kittens in Europe sold for six thousand francs. You can buy them now for around $50 a piece. A Siamese is born white, gradually acquires its dark face of chocolate brown. Its four legs and tail acquire something of the same tone, fading out into a creamy coat over the remainer of the body.

Be warned that the Siamese respects nothing, prefers to leap up and down at will. His favorite haunt may be an eight foot high book shelf, and in coming down he may land in a bowl of soup with amazing insouciance.

His appeal is largely for men, which is



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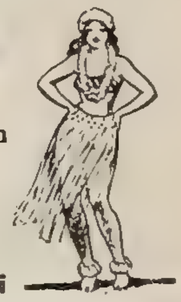


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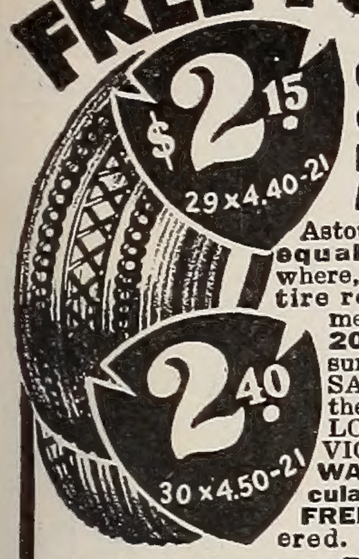
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Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$2.15	$0.85
29x4.50-20	2.35	.85
30x4.50-21	2.40	.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35
6.00-16	3.75	1.45

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$2.35	$0.75	33x4½	$3.45	$1.15
31x4	2.95	.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	.85	35x5	3.95	1.55
32x4½	3.35	1.15			

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES
(High Pressure)

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$4.25	$1.95	34x7	$10.95	$3.95
33x5	3.95	1.45	38x7	10.95	3.95
34x5	4.25	2.00	36x8	11.45	3.95
32x6	7.95	2.75	40x8	13.25	4.15
36x6	9.95	3.95			

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.75	$1.65	7.50-20	$6.95	3.75
6.50-20	4.45	1.95	8.25-20	8.95	$4.95
7.00-20	5.95	2.95	9.00-20	10.95	5.65
			9.75-20	13.95	6.45

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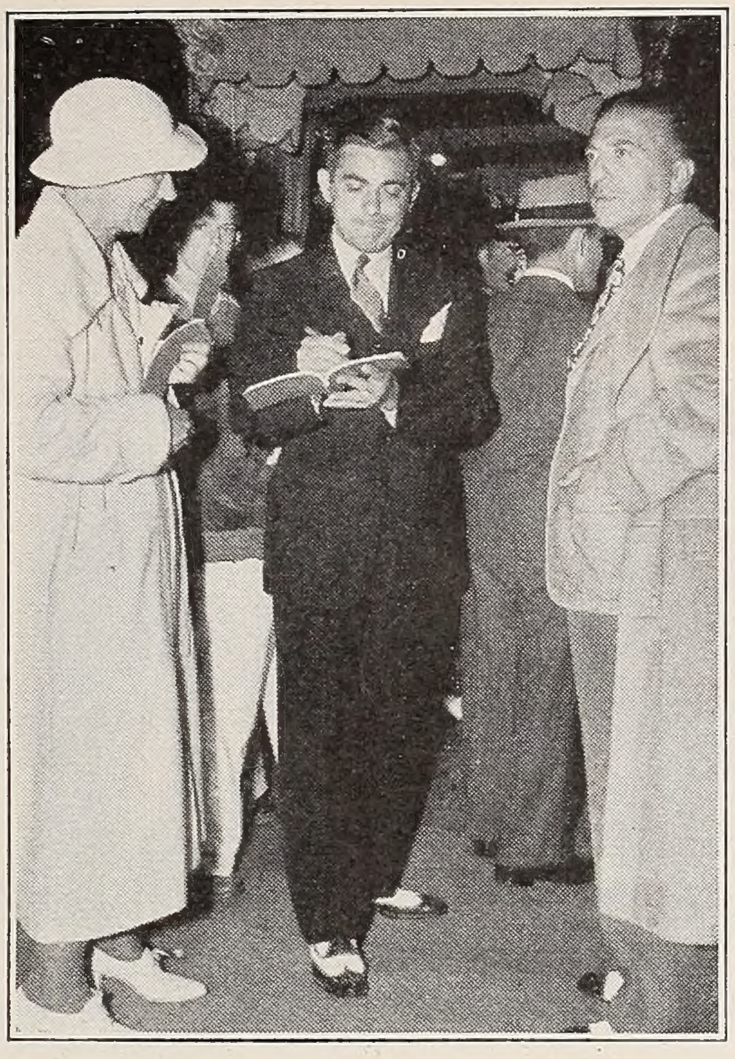
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Eddie Cantor's new film, *Strike Me Pink,* has sent autograph seekers to him in droves. He's considering his next film

why you rarely find the Siamese in a feminine household. Glenda Farrell, Katharine Hepburn, and Joan Blondell are the only feminine stars in Hollywood who have shown a preference for this breed, as far as we know. But there have been many Siamese cat fanciers among famous men, among them Clemenceau of France, Paul Whiteman, John Gilbert, Vincent Lopez, Kermit Roosevelt—and at least one king, the late Albert of Belgium.

GLENDA TOLD US that her Siamese is playful rather than destructive. Mischievous, yes, but not wilfully pernicious. It was his love of luxury that prompted Tacky to purloin her expensive, satin-bound eiderdown robe to line the basket in which he sleeps.

"The robe lay across the foot of my bed, and Tacky tugged and tugged at it until he pulled it off and dragged it to his bed," she explained. "Time and again Theresa would carry it back to my room, and just as persistently he would confiscate it for his own bed. So finally there was nothing to do but make him a present of it."

At that point we had an opportunity to see for ourselves evidence of Tacky's playfulness. He had left Glenda's lap and was enjoying himself by the simple expedient of jumping through the silk shade of an alabaster lamp on the table.

"See how graceful he is," Glenda commented.

The lampshade was square, with a wide opening at the top, and it was interesting to see the cat balance himself on the frame and then drop through the aperture!

Then—crash—and white alabaster lay in jagged pieces on the table.

Like a master craftsman surveying his work of art, Tacky sat on the edge of the table and gazed at the broken lamp.

"Tacky!" reprimanded his mistress. "See what you've done."

"Meow," replied Tacky noncommittally.

Destructive? Oh, no. Not much! But what's a mere lamp compared to the excitement of having a Siamese cat in your home! We're going out to buy one right now.

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Star Gazing in Hollywood

by JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor

● THERE'S ALWAYS something new in Hollywood—a fresh personality, new scandal, favorite expression or what have you. Let's have a look for curselves.

The personality of the month is someone who personifies beauty and grace as you have never seen it before. Join with your Star Gazer on a trip to the Polar Palace, the all-year ice skating rink on the edge of Hollywood. We had better be early, for tonight there will be a tremendous crowd out to see the champion of champion skaters.

● ONCE WITHIN the Palace we are astonished to see so many movie personalities. The box seats are nearly all occupied by some of your favorite stars. There's John Barrymore over yonder, with two women beside him. Yes—they must be Elaine Barrie and her mother. John's looking his handsomest, and very happy. Rumor is that *Romeo and Juliet* will again make him one of the great stars.

You can tell by the rushing around



Mammy, what a skate! Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler gaze on the blades that scooted lovely Sonja Henie to fame

of the photographers that all Hollywood has turned out. There goes a cameraman on his ear! And there goes another one skating across the slippery ice on the crease of his trousers!

● NOW THE LIGHTS go down, and out comes the Great Skater who has single-handed brought Hollywood to



Delmar Daves and Kay Francis . . . she bowed in the darkness

her door—Sonja Henie. Her trim figure glistens under the bright lights, and even the biggest stars sit spellbound as she weaves her patterns on the ice. The climax comes with her skating rendition of Pavlowa's famous dance, *The Dying Swan*. The spotlight follows her around the ice, gliding, fluttering. When death comes to the swan, everyone—stars and all—cheer wildly.

Want to bet that Sonja Henie won't soon be a film star? Remember, her act was eyed by a host of producers!

Well, we've got to be going—but wait! They're introducing some of the stars now. Barrymore, for instance. The spotlight pauses on him for a moment. Now they're calling for Kay Francis. The spotlight flashes around wildly; Miss Francis stands and bows in darkness. Only those close to her recognize her and applaud. Bette Davis is introduced. She waves gaily, leaning forward over the railing. With each succeeding introduction there is a like amount of mild applause.

● THEN THE ANNOUNCER comes to Fred Stone's box. Fred and his two daughters, Paula and Dorothy, each take bows. The master of ceremonies pauses a moment, and then introduces the wife of the greatest humorist we have ever known—Mrs. Will Rogers. What applause! It is so loud and prolonged that tears well in her eyes.

But we must hurry. There is an urgent summons to the *Charge of the Light Brigade* set. Arriving there, we find Director Michael Curtiz trying to handle great ranks of troopers on horseback. Errol Flynn, the star, is over on one side with his cocker spaniel, feeding him the remnants of an ice cream cone.

It is supposed to be a battle scene, but there is trouble making the smoke bombs create the right effect. A worried "grip" rushes back and forth with his handful of smoke, trying to follow Curtiz's excited directions.

Curtiz calls him back. Grabbing the smoke bomb, Curtiz hurries off, shouting over his shoulder, "The next time I send a dumbhead on a task, I send myself!"

A few minutes later real excitement occurs. Errol Flynn is in a dueling scene—one of those gay, reckless things by the shore of a beautiful lake. He is supposed to send the blade against his opponent's shoulder while Olivia de Havilland looks on. Somehow the saber glances off, and before anyone can shout a warning, it knocks Olivia half-unconscious into the lake. Flynn leaps to her rescue without a second's thought. Soon she has fully recovered. Curtiz speaks again: "That scene was no good. Once more give it, please!" And the routine goes on as if nothing had happened!



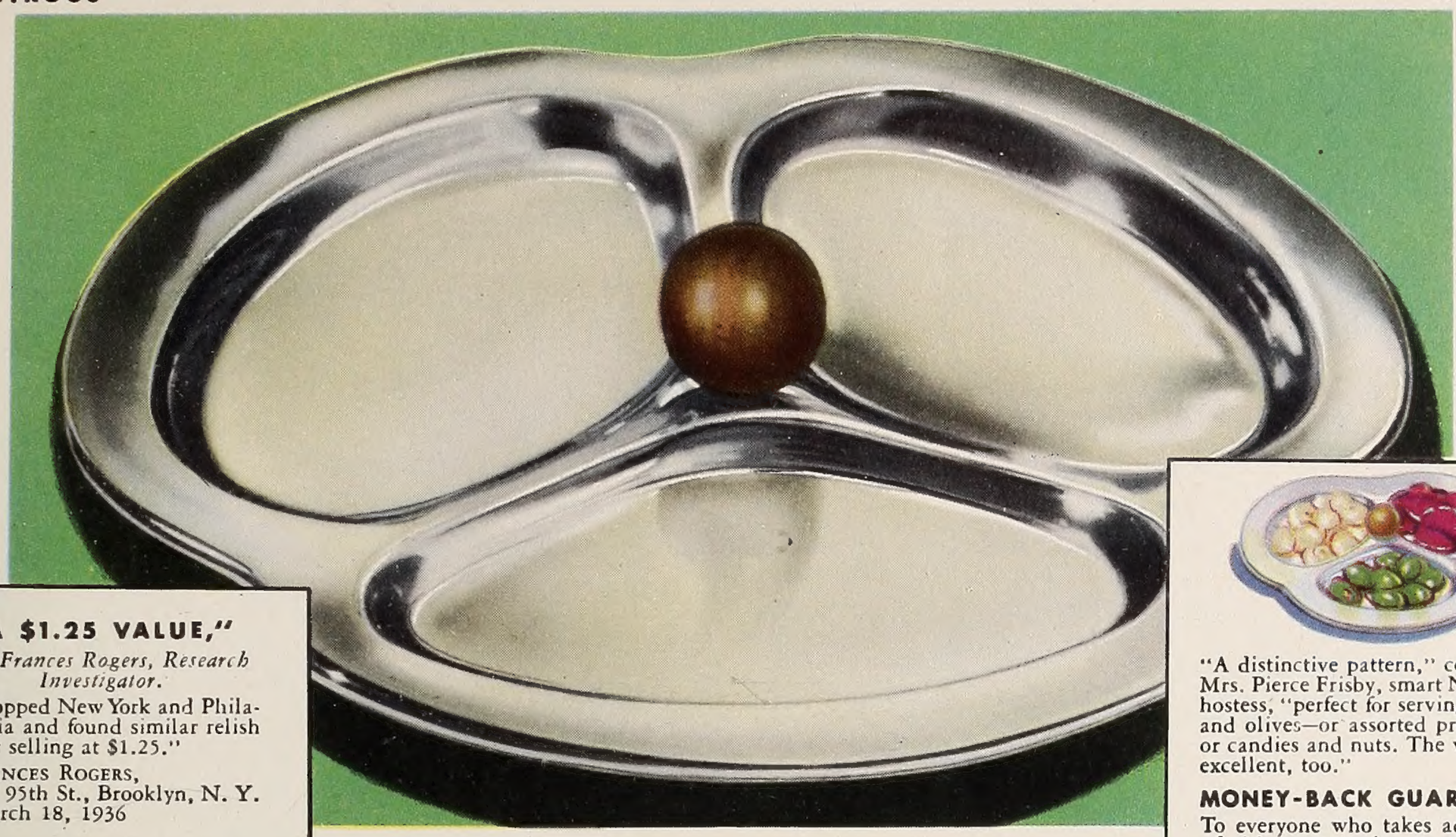
Errol Flynn on location he was not Director Curtiz's "dumbhead"

● THAT'S OUR NEWEST bit of nonsense. But before we go we must tell you Hollywood's favorite word of the moment: *Definitely*. It's so overworked that everything is definite—definite impressions, definite promises, yes, even definite rumors. We've been told that *Romeo and Juliet*, definitely is the finest picture of the year! And this, definitely, is good-bye!

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March 18, 1936

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To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the $1.25 chromium-plated relish dish, we make this guarantee: If, within two weeks after buying this dish you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the dish to us in good condition, and we will refund you the full 25 cents you paid for it.—THE BORDEN COMPANY, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Free Cook Book

Along with the dish you get a whole cook book of *magic* recipes—for cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings and delicious ice creams.



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(This creamy filling is made without cooking!)

1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or extract, and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes, or until brown. Chill.





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⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
¼ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill. Makes 1¼ cups. Or place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top tightly. Shake for two minutes.



*Please note: The label required for this offer is the inner Eagle Brand label, glued to the can, not the loose, outer wrapper.

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